TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The *Telegram's* census of the churches, taken a week ago Sunday, cannot be considered as exact, but as a good approximation. That it was a disagreeable day no doubt reduced the number somewhat, but when an addition sufficient to bring the total up to 50,000 is made, it indicates that, of the citizens of Toronto, less than one out of three attends divine service in the evening, and one out of five or six goes in the morning. Those who attend in the morning are very apt to go twice. While this does not show a vast deal of religious fervor, it is a very commendable average in comparison with other English-speaking cities where the average is much less. Probably no city in the British empire furnishes such a record. The appalling church debt may be taken as the outward sign of the inward enthusiasm of church builders, but it sounds exceedingly bad to be told that Toronto churches owe nearly two million and a quarter dollars, on which the annual interest must be over $127,000. The *Telegram's* estimate is that for those directly interested in the support of the churches this means a per capita indebtedness of $66.42, which should not frighten the public, as the private indebtedness of these prominent citizens would in the aggregate amount to nearly 100 times as much, and while in temporal matters they feel safe they should feel sure of realizing sufficient to pay for their spiritual concerns. As a great preacher remarked, when asking for a collection for some sacred purpose: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If you are satisfied with the security, come down with the dust." So church members know that this money has been advanced for the Master's use, and they should not feel the $66 a very big lien on their worldly goods for spiritual purposes. But when to this principal and interest is added the aggregate salaries for preachers, amounting to $161,537, and the collections for all sorts of funds, it begins to be a heavy burden, and it is worth while to inquire whether the money is either necessary for religious work or is being applied to that purpose. Some fashionable churches have but little more religious influence than the National or Toronto Clubs or the Granite Skating Rink. They are pleasant places for people to meet, and those addressing the congregations know better than to say unpleasant things or make damaging comparisons, the singing is excellent, the cushions are soft, the service short, nice people go there and one gets acquainted with improving society. This is a very worthy motive in itself, and in looking at the vast array of churches we may as well recognize that this element has much to do with their location and attractiveness. One hundred and forty-five churches would not be more than sufficient if they were all devoted to the salvation of souls and the building up of spiritual life, and as social resorts having a religious tendency they are always exceedingly valuable to the locality and the people who attend them. These statistics, however, viewed from an evangelistic or ascetic standpoint, simply prove to us what almost every one has always known, that it is the general tendency of modern churches to the upbuilding of a purer social life which is of most value. I say this advisedly and with as much attachment to and reverence for the higher ideal of Godliness, sanctity and eternal salvation as if I myself together with the majority of church-goers had not sadly lost the real earnest evangelizing and self-sacrificing fervor which stirs every soul sometimes; the purest souls always. At any rate that the orthodox churches are scarcely making an attempt to bring wanderers to God in the old-fashioned way is apparent. Seven score clergymen banded together in Toronto for the purpose of bringing in the needy wayfarer from the highways and byways of this city, would make an almost irresistible—at least a very powerful army. Estimating that there are 35,000 families in Toronto and suburbs, it would be 250 families apiece for the clergymen to see, or five families a week in order to visit them once a year. I question if this is done though I cannot but think that an ardent worker could visit more than five families a day. I have no doubt clergymen make more than five visits a week but I don't believe any of them visits 250 families a year. The probabilities are that their visits are confined within a radius of fifty families. Some will very largely exceed this number; others will fall very far below it. There are pleasant places to visit and unpleasant ones. The pleasant places as a rule do not need much visiting; the unpleasant places in the majority of cases need it badly but are left unvisited.

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The average salary of the Toronto clergyman seems to be about $1,400, though one gets $6,000, one $5,000, three get $4,500, one $4,000, and including these over thirty-one receive over $2,000. As a rule they are not badly paid. It is a pity that more of them don't devote talents which were evidently not intended to shine in the pulpit to the missionary and benevolent work amongst the poor. Toronto has very many clever clergymen, and the best paid ones devote themselves almost entirely to preaching, leaving the other church work to the organizations established for that purpose in each congregation. With $6,000 as the highest prize which has fallen to a Toronto clergyman and $5,000 as the highest which has been obtained by force of pulpit ability we see that preaching does not offer as many premiums as other professions. Many lawyers, not so clever as Mr. Macdonell or Dr. Wild, for instance, are in receipt of incomes four or five times as great as the salaries those gentlemen receive. I suppose twenty Toronto doctors can be found whose incomes are greater than $10,000 per annum, but the clergy have the satisfaction of knowing that in the newspaper profession there is not an editor who receives more than they do, and not over two or three who get as much and in these few instances it is on account of financial control or business responsibility that they get anything like so much. It is a pity that editors who preach to congregations of ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty—and in joint circulations of daily and weekly—to as high as fifty thousand subscribers, which, multiplied by three, would be about the number of readers, do it at a paltry pittance, or in the more luxuriant positions at one-thousandth of a cent per capita. If the collection taken in city churches were as small as this, the pulpit would offer still fewer prizes than it does now. Moreover, without desiring to institute invidious comparisons, I would like to suggest that if the editors of newspapers who wield so mighty an influence had only to appeal to a constituency holding the same doctrines as themselves, never hearing any answer to their propositions, never engaging in direct argument and sure of their living no matter how carelessly they did their work, they would write much poorer editorials than they do and they are not very much to boast of now. Still on the other hand if there were thirty-one editors in Toronto receiving over $2,000 a year with superiors ranging up amongst the three, four, five or six thousands, this city would be the newspaper capital of the earth, and scribes from afar off would make pilgrimages here. The collections indicate, by adding the morning and evening attendance together and dividing them into the total collections, that people are in the habit of giving about seven cents each per service, which is not an illiberal donation. To what else do they give so largely? The churches of Toronto have reason to feel contented.

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It is pleasant to notice that the Toronto Ministerial Association has at last yielded to pressure and will receive a deputation from the anti-poverty society. The discussion of Mr. T. J. Campbell's anti-poverty paper in the association indicates considerable breadth of view, and for the clergy to become interested in the amelioration of the condition of the poor means the accomplishing of a vast deal of good. The suggestion in the meetings as to better homes for workingmen, not so far removed from their toil, is a good one. Rev. Leroy Hooker seems to have taken the orthodox and move-slowly view of the question in urging that the work of the church is to evangelize the rich and the poor alike, and when this millenium dawn arrives they won't grind and hurt one another. This is all true enough, but people are dying in misery while they wait. The Rev. Leroy Hooker has $2,700 a year; he can afford to wait, but the sewing woman at 27 cents a day, or the laborer working on the Don improvements at $27 a month finds it somewhat difficult to tarry till the bright light when the Rev. Mr. Hooker and his associates will have succeeded in making the rich and poor alike anxious to do justice to each other. He alleged that the great leak that causes much of the poverty in this city is the saloon. Saloons exist because of poverty as well as being partially the cause of it, and by the way, I would like to hear that the Rev. Mr. Hooker has preached a sermon to the rich members of his church in which he condemned them for not being more generous to their employes, or if he has a report of a sermon on this subject, it would be interesting to many who have missed it. Generalities in sermons or editorials will never cure these evils; specific and vigorous application of truth in individual cases is the only remedy.

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I see that poor beggar Samo is still in jail for debt. He petitioned the grand jury to use their influence to let him out, and his lawyers once in a while make an effort to release him from custody, but still he stays in jail. It is barbarous, no matter what the man's commercial career may have been, that he should be in reality held as a prisoner for debt. One would imagine that this Province, if not this Dominion, had outgrown the brutality of incarcerating a man who does not pay his debts, who, though he may be suspected of having money, is, quite possibly, unable to pay. The doubt should be in favor of the prisoner! Now he languishes in jail, while many sorrows and afflictions have to come to himself and his family. Samo is no friend of mine, I frankly confess I never trusted him, but he has become as great an object of pity as many of the characters in Dickens' stories of the Fleet prison.

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Rev. Mr. Hooker's suggestion that laws for debt should be abolished is not a bad one. If there were no machinery for collecting debts the credit system would soon die out, except in those cases where men have implicit confidence in their debtors and are willing to take the chances.

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Judge Morgan, in his kindly reference to the same matter, though stating that it was out of the province of the grand jury, promised to see to it. In his remarks about the unsanitary condition of the court-house, in a sarcastic vein he remarked that he "could stand it if the rest could, and that one life here and there did not amount to much." Judge Morgan has very much popularized himself with the bar and the people since he has been on the bench in this city. There is about him that air of the man of the world which shows a much wider experience than has fallen to the lot of many. I believe with him that we should have a new court house—the greatness of the city demands it—and I also agree that a life here and there is of much less importance than is generally ascribed to it. It is always a pity to see a man die; it is always a sad thing to have one's friends die, but after all it is only a question of the date. Sir L. Playfair has very recently told us that during his seventeen years' experience as the representative of a large medical constituency he has put to the most eminent medical men in the world this question: "In your medical practice have you ever had a patient who was afraid to die," and with two exceptions they have answered "no." There is altogether too much fear of death. A man is not to be blamed for trying to avoid it, or for complaining against being forced to follow his profession in rank and unwholesome rooms, such as are provided in our courthouse, but it should be a part of our national education to view life as of much less importance than the performance of duty or the proper enjoyment of such days as are vouchsafed to us.

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Sara Bernhardt has succeeded in obtaining a good advertisement by refusing nearly $5,000 for a single performance at the Sultan's palace at Constantinople. Sara is one of those women who know how to make money by saying "no." She would have been a great curiosity to the ladies of the harem as one of their sex who had been in the harem business herself, only as proprietor rather than inmate. Probably the Sultan wanted to exhibit her as an awful example.

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This has been a bad winter for diplomatists. Following the Sackville West incident Minister Phelps is in hot water at the court of St. James, because Salisbury won't appoint a successor to the gentleman who in Washington did too much talking for his own good. Sir J. T. Morier, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has been openly accused by the Cologne *Gazette* of betraying German secrets to the French while at Darmstadt in 1870. Sir Morier has demanded an explanation which he is not receiving, and there is evidently trouble ahead for this gentleman of anti-German leanings, and one is led to believe that Sackville is not the first over-fresh diplomatist in the service. How these exposures go in waves? One pleasant little thing seems to start another.

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The discovery of Stanley's safety is a corroboration of what some cynical newspaper people have been saying, that the various reports of his death were probably permitted in order to make his resurrection, later on, a very important event. It is not unlikely that Henry M. Stanley will yet be billed at Association Hall, for a lecture on Africa at two dollars a head. When he gets back he will draw almost as well as Mrs. Brown-Potter or Potter-Brown, whichever way it is, and there will be much more reason for it. While he was away in Africa on his first trip, his girl at home got married and he was left to figure out the conundrum of "What doth it profit a man if he discovereth the whole earth and lose his best girl?" Since then he has passed most of his time in the jungles, and on his return will no doubt make by far the most important addition to geographical information that has been contributed in this decade. Who will be a greater hero than he? His best girl will probably feel sorry then that she did not wait, while perhaps the world will have reason to be gratified because if he had settled down to rocking a cradle and helping his wife to decide on what they would have for dinner the next day, the Aruwhimi would have remained undiscovered, though perhaps he might have asked that question of his wife and found out that she was very "whimmy" indeed?

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On Monday we will have our nomination for city officers, and it is customary to express the hope that the citizens will induce good men to offer themselves. As a matter of fact, the men who want the positions for the honor of it, or the profit of it, will offer themselves and the citizens themselves will select without a great deal of deliberation the men with whom they are best acquainted, with the chances in favor of the man who asks them first. It is a pity that it is so and still greater pity that more and better men are not inclined to seek the honor of serving their city, particularly at this time when we need the wisest and most disinterested counsels of strong men. Mayor Clarke has not only fulfilled the highest hopes of his friends, but by his ability, energy and honesty has won the respect of even those who opposed his election. He will have another term without opposition and if he has a good council he will straighten out many of the crooked things which were bequeathed to him by his predecessors. Very few people know the absolutely awful condition of the Don improvement work, and I am doubtful if either the Engineer or the Mayor has discovered a way out of it. It will need hard and careful work to steer the city out of the trouble without enormous loss and expenditure which might have been avoided had the thing been properly begun.

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I wish you all a Happy New Year, and hope you won't break all your good resolutions before I have a chance to talk to you again next week.

DON.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Princess of Wales.

Our front page picture this week is an admirable portrait of the most popular woman in England to-day. Many there are, doubtless, in this city who remember that rainy day on the 9th of March, 1863, when the fortunes of England and Denmark were united in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. From that day up to the present, her popularity has known no abatement; on the contrary it has increased with succeeding years. Deeply has our future Queen Consort enshrined herself in the hearts of the nation, and long may she live to wear the honors she so worthily bears, is the sincere prayer of all readers of SATURDAY NIGHT.

Society.

There are many older churches in the city of Toronto, but there is not one where the internal appointments are more complete or more characterized by good taste than those of the little church of St. Simon's, which stands between the head of Ontario street and the southern boundary of Rowedale. The Christmas decorations this year are very beautiful, and I have yet to see a more comely sanctuary than that of St. Simon's as seen at the morning service on Christmas Day. Exquisite taste, the distinct evidence of reverential feeling heightened by the spirit of Christmastide, and a proper pride in their own little church have, very apparently, been potent factors in the decoration of St. Simon's by Mrs. Harry Pellatt, the Misses Hooper, Miss Wood, Miss Ellis and Miss Edith Clarke.

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On Wednesday last a quiet wedding was celebrated at No. 2 Wellington place in this city, when Rev. D. J. Macdonnell united in matrimony Miss Annie Bethune, the third daughter of the late Mr. James Bethune Q. C., and Mr. Alexander McDougald, barrister, of Chicago, eldest son of the former registrar of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry. The bride was attired in a traveling gown of dark terra cotta and was attended by her sister Miss Cora Bethune, while Mr. George Lindsey assisted the groom. After the *dejeuner*, to which none but the relatives of the contracting parties sat down, there being no invited guests, the happy couple left on the Canadian Pacific Railway *en route* for Chicago which will be their future home. A great many handsome presents were sent to the bride.

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Mrs. Arthur Spragge returned to town last week from her husband's farm in the North-West, where she has been staying for the past six months, and is with her mother, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron, in Wilcox street.

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Mrs. H. D. Lumsden of Sherbrooke, Que., is spending Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney of Wellesley crescent.

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Mr. Harry Beatty of the N. W. M. P., eldest son of Mr. W. H. Beatty of The Oaks, Queen's Park, has obtained leave of absence, and is spending Christmas in town with his people. His face has been a familiar one on King street this week with his smart turnout.

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Among other transient Christmas guests whose faces brought good cheer into our midst, were Mr. Walter Townsend of Montreal—a right good fellow as all admit—also Mr. John Marling from the same town.

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Mr. Beverley Robinson's familiar face is seen again amongst us. He is also home spending Christmas week with his people at Sleepy Hollow.

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Miss Hill, who undertook to escort a large party of ladies and gentlemen on a European tour in the summer with such great success, arrived home this week, bringing with her the last contingent, Mrs. Gaviller of Hamilton and Miss Isabel Proudfoot of Toronto. Miss Hill also brought out with her a niece, who will spend the winter in Canada. They all express themselves as highly pleased with the State of Nebraska of the State line, on which they made their return passage.

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Cadet McInnis of the Royal Military College, Kingston, arrived in town last week to spend Christmas among his many friends. He is the guest of Mrs. Stephen Heward.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKelcan of Hamilton were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance of 43 Grosvenor street for a few days last week, and left for home on Saturday.

Mrs. Hellmuth of London, Ont., is another welcome visitor whom Christmas-tide brings amongst us once again, even though only for a short time. She is staying with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Gamble of St. Vincent street.

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Cadet Brock of the Royal Military College, Kingston, is spending his Christmas holidays with his people in Toronto.

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One can hardly express in sufficiently sympathetic and sorrowing terms the regret caused by the announcement of the dangerous condition of Miss Marjorie Campbell. The news first got noised abroad last Sunday, the day after Miss Campbell's attack, when the earnest prayers of the congregation at St. George's Church were desired for one member who was lying sick unto death. But it was not until after the service was over that the few who knew whispered it to their friends, who in turn, horror-stricken and incredulous, passed it on, and so it got abroad. Miss Campbell has made many friends in the short year she has shone at the head of Toronto youth and beauty, and it is with the keenest anxiety that people daily wait for the good news of an improvement in her condition. In the meantime everything contemplated at Government House in the way of gayety has been postponed, and Sir Alexander has the warmest sympathy of his many friends, acquaintances and admirers in Canada. The recent death of his eldest daughter in Switzerland, this summer, has sadly unfitted him for another such bereavement, and all hope and pray he will not be called upon to bear it, and that we may see Miss Campbell again amongst us in a short time.

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Mr. Grant Stewart, who has lately been making himself so popular on the platform and in society, gave a very successful dramatic and musical recital at Hamilton last week, which I hear was well attended.

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Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Elliott have returned from their wedding trip and have been at home, at 28 Wilton avenue, to their friends this week.

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It appears that the present Governor-General will show a *penchant* for Toronto as strong as that of his late lamented predecessor, and that society here will enjoy much of his presence and that of the charming members of his *suite*. Only a month ago Lord and Lady Stanley came from Ottawa to be present at the St. Andrew's ball, and next week they come again in order to open the Victoria Club. On Thursday evening there is to be a carnival of skaters in fancy dress at the Victoria Rink, providing that the weather changes completely between now and then, and at 9 p.m. their Excellencies are to open the club house, and to hold a reception within its walls. The cards of invitation for this reception are well done, the monogramitic crest at the top is neat and so is the engraving of the whole, but many members of the club, of whom I am one, are rather amused that these cards should have been sent to us, since it is the president, officers and members who request the pleasure of the guests' company.

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On the day before the Victoria Club affair their Excellencies will hold a public reception from 4 to 6.30 in the Legislative Chamber of the Parliament Building. Lord and Lady Stanley were, I believe, to have received at Government House on that day, but the sad occurrence there has, of course, prevented this. It was once my misfortune to attend a public reception in the Legislative Chamber, and my memory affords me no more dreary and dismal a recollection.

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To the eating of dinners there is no end. That this is especially true on Christmas Day, and that very many people eat their dinners in some other houses than their own, was very distinctly brought home to me last Tuesday, when at about seven o'clock I tried to get a cab, and could find none. I did my best by telephone, but it was slow work, for the entleman at the central office had evidently been Christmasing like everybody else, and when once he had given a connection, could hardly be persuaded to give another. He and his fel lows, however, must have revived later, for many Christmas healths were drunk over the wires.

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Mrs. A. H. Campbell's Christmas day At Home was as successful a venture as I anticipated. The number of Mrs. Campbell's guests would have overcrowded any smaller house than Carbrooke. Except for a suspicion of holly and a dream of mistletoe, it might have been any other day, the eternal Christmas song, even, was almost wanting, for people had mostly exchanged their "compliments of the season" earlier in the day, at church doors or elsewhere. What a heavy, ponderous phrase is this same "compliments of the season." "A merry Christmas" is a pleasing epigram, and so is "A happy New Year," but the "compliments" sentence has such an uncouth sound. Among Mrs. Campbell's guests—or rather among Miss Campbell's, for the latter lady it was who did the inviting—were Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Jones, the Messrs. Gordon and Edward Jones, Miss Mabel Heward, the Messrs. Heward, Miss Williams, Mr. Williams, R. E., of London, Eng., Capt. Sears, Capt. Macdougal, Miss Otter, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Miss Robinson, the Messrs. Langton, Mr. Harvey Hayes, Miss Stewart, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Miss Smith of London, Eng., Mrs. Bain, Miss Small, the Messrs. Small, the Misses Wragge, Miss Gillespie, Miss Grace Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Gregg, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Percy Goldingham, Miss Dawson.

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Mrs. Meyrick Bankes left on Tuesday morning to join Sir David and Lady Macpherson at San Remo. Mrs. Bankes and her daughter went via New York and by a line of steamers which has been gaining much in popularity of late, the French *Compagnie generale transatlantique* to Havre. One of the several depressing social facts of the week is the final closing of Chestnut Park, by the departure of the last of its popular denizens. It is possible that the house may be re-opened for the return of Sir David and Lady Macpherson in the spring, but more probably Sir David's health will compel him to spend the early summer at Homburg, so that the gates of the hospitable Park may be closed for three quarters of the year.

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But that some of this family is still left is very much *en evidence* to the many people who have received Mrs. Percival F. Ridout's cards for an At Home on the afternoon of Saturday, January 5. The world has of course long since called on Mrs. Ridout, but an At Home will give people an opportunity of viewing a house which is said to be amongst the most charmingly decorated and furnished in Toronto. The fruits of Mr. and Mrs. Ridout's long wanderings, and very beautiful fruits too, are reported to make a show worth going far to see, and it is not very far to Rosedale House.

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While the dinner parties of Christmas day are chiefly confined, as to the guests, to members of the family and to very intimate friends, the dinners of New Year's day, though not so plentiful, are of a grander, more imposing, and perhaps more formal a nature. Happily in Toronto "society tarts" are plentiful enough to make many a dinner table beautiful on New Year's night, but if rumor errs not, on Tuesday next what Byron describes as:

"That all-softening, o'erpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell."

will summon to one table no such array of beauty as will adorn that of Mrs. Edward Jones on Church street.

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The complimentary dinner to Captain Sears on the eve of that gallant officer's departure to England, given by the united military of Toronto, was held last Friday evening at the National Club and was a brilliant affair. With but one exception, everybody present was an officer in full regalia, but the exception was equal to the occasion and made one of the best speeches of the evening. Speech followed speech, of songs and toasts there was no end. Having sat down soon after eight it was two o'clock a.m., before the last bottle was opened, the last toast proposed and drunk and the homeward cigars lighted. The evening was an eloquent, very eloquent, proof of Captain Sears' great popularity with his brother officers, and of their regret at his loss.

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The burden of my song this week has been dinners, and is dinners still, and a good burden, too, for there is no more pleasant way of entertaining or of being entertained. Toronto society recognizes this fact, and for some people there has been a glut of dinners of late—a glut simply because they could not dine at more than one place on the same night, and to be compelled to refuse tempting invitations is a grief. A gentleman, and needless to say, himself a dinner-giver, remarked in my hearing this week that he had no less than nineteen of these invitations for the previous week, but a lady near by beat him easily, for she had received twenty-four.

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On Saturday night the officers and crew of that hospitable yacht, the Rivet, were dined at the Queen's Hotel by two of their passengers on the cruise last summer. Messrs. J. D. Hay and Dugald Macmurchy were the hosts, and right nobly did they do their work. The *menu* cards, headed with an etching of the yacht and surrounded by drawings descriptive of incidents of her cruises, were an artistic triumph, and the *menu* itself was divine. The wine—more so.

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A complete novelty for spending the last night of the old year and seeing the youngster born was that suggested and planned by Miss Jessie McInnes. Some thirty people were to have gone up to Hamilton on the afternoon of December 31 to dine and sleep at Dundurn, the Hon. Donald McInnes' place at Hamilton. The scheme had greatly taken people's fancies, and the end of the year was much looked forward to by the invited, but Miss Campbell was to have been one of the party, and in consequence of her illness the intended party is deferred to another year.

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Mr. Stephen Heward, a younger son of Mrs. Stephen Heward of Peter street, who has spent the last few years in France, has returned to town, and will probably reside in Toronto for the future.

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Mr. Coney of Detroit is in town. From the warmth of his welcome he must have spent a merry a Christmas here as he ever spent anywhere.

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Monday evening being Christmas Eve there was not as large a "house" as most people expected on the first appearance of Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera. Although the audience was small it was very select. Mrs. Armstrong and party occupied one of the lower boxes. Mrs. Armstrong was radiant in cardinal plush and pale blue. The party in the box next comprised a number of young gentlemen, who kept so far in the rear that only Mr. D. J. McMurchy was discernible. One of the other young men appeared on the *qui vive* most of the evening, and was an attraction in himself. Among the occupants of orchestra chairs I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. Arthur Morphy. Miss Dixon, who with Miss Waldo, was accompanied by Mr. Pellat, looked very bewitching. Miss Waldo was in dark blue, while Miss Dixon was in a charming scarlet costume. Miss Blossom Kingsmill, who

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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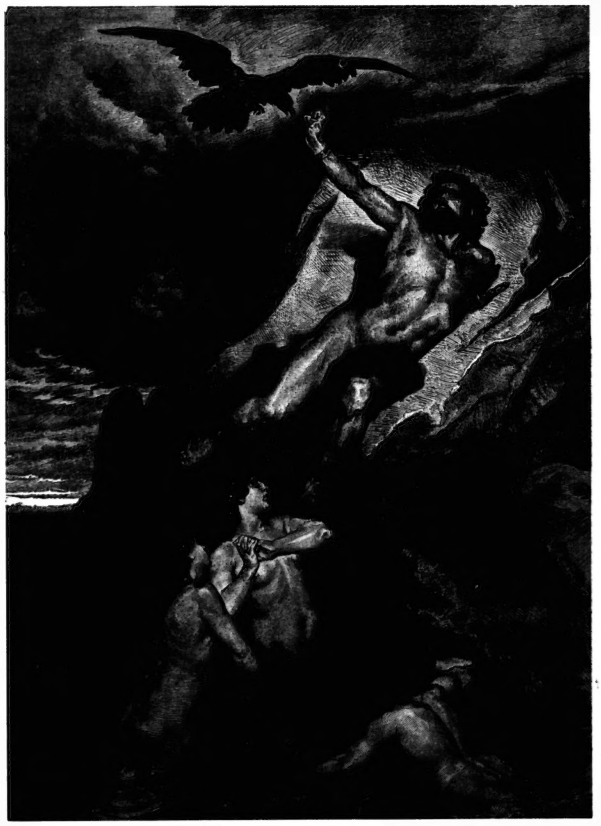

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE RETURN OF A MATURE PRODIGAL.

During the time Tully had been devoting himself to repentance, reformation and recklessness, he had been very remiss in his attention to his office duties, and Mr. Killick took advantage of the opportunity and possessed himself of what remaining business his partner had retained in his hands. The further loan of Miss Browning's money to the Savings and Investment Company had been negotiated by him, though he was perfectly aware that the concern was not solvent, and would not be in existence six months later. But while he had been successful in laying the ground work of his revengeful scheme, in other matters he had not been so fortunate. Many times a day Cora Burnham had been summoned to his room for dictation or instruction, and each time he had endeavored to impress the handsome girl with his passion for her. Always respectful, cheerful, considerate, with frequent inquiries as to her health and how her mother was succeeding in business, he by degrees was overcoming her feeling of repulsion which was experienced by everyone on first acquaintance with Mr. Killick. He raised her salary to fifteen dollars a week, bought the store in which her mother lived and reduced the rent, besides placing carpenters and painters and decorators at their disposal to make their shop and dwelling as attractive as they desired. Plate glass front, new counters, shelving, linoleum walton dadoes, and all sorts of things, bore witness to the fact that Mrs. Burnham had not been slow in accepting his kindness. In private she had counselled Cora to be discreet but attentive; to preserve her dignity, but not to give offence, and when the poor girl wept in her mother's arms as she did very often, Mrs. Burnham counselled her to banish sentiment and wait for the demise of Mrs. Killick. The signs of prosperity attracted custom, the moving tide of business was finding their establishment in the very centre of trade. The wealthier customers suggested a stock of high-priced goods, and Mr. Killick was eager to secure it. Deposed in her ambition, Cora's mind turned entirely to money-making, and her shrewd advice and correct taste did much to establish and continue a fashionable business. Their books were well kept; the young women in the workroom sharply disciplined, and Mrs. Burnham and daughter were on the high road to wealth. The sinister motive of obtaining as much money as possible from Killick, and involving him as deeply as possible in their debts, lent Cora a new object in life, and her sharp attention to the details of the office, together with her dignified and almost affectionate treatment of Killick, delighted the old man beyond measure. She would even let him take her hand, and two or three times she permitted him to pat her cheek in a fatherly sort of way, but for the life of him he could not become any more familiar.

Over the prosperity and opposing schemes of Killick and Cora Burnham there came a cloud, and the shadow in each case was caused by a different substance.

It was late one Saturday night some three or four weeks after the events described in previous chapters and the last over worked sewing girl had left the Burnham establishment, when a very old and very seedy stranger, still retaining the erect carriage and over-bearing manner of one who had known better days, opened the shop door and strolled towards the work-room. He was met by Cora Burnham, who sharply demanded his errand.

"I didn't call to see you, young woman. My visit is to Mrs. Burnham."

"I am her daughter. What do you want?"

"Ah! you are her daughter? I am delighted to meet you, Miss Burnham. Have you any sisters?"

"No, sir," said Cora, retreating nervously from the old man's strange inspection.

"Are you quite sure that you are Mrs. Burnham's daughter?"

"Yes, sir," a tone of respect somehow creeping into her voice. "I am her only daughter."

"Then come to my arms, I am your only father," exclaimed the old man with tragic bitterness. "After many years I have come to gaze upon thee again, and to hear thy mother's gentle voice bid me begone."

Without a word of answer Cora turned and fled through the door into the workroom, followed by the decayed gentleman who quietly turned the knob and pushed the door open after her.

Mrs. Burnham was descending the stairs as he entered and deposited his much-worn beaver on the table.

"Ah, my dear wife, this unexpected pleasure overcomes me with delight. Embrace me, Margaret, embrace me once again."

With a shrill scream Mrs. Burnham clasped her heart and stood like one petrified.

"Ralph Moore," she muttered almost inarticulately. "Great God, I thought you were dead."

"And wished it, I have no doubt," chuckled the old man, apparently enjoying the sensation he had caused, "but wishes don't kill anyone my dear Margaret, or I had been dead years ago. I am seventy-six, and, my charming wife, can assure you I am good for at least another ten or fifteen years. The blood of the Moores runs coldly as it grows old, but the Moores grow old slowly, and attracted by your thriving establishment I called to tell you that I intend to spend the evening of my life with you. Gambling has become a poor business for me. I lack the modern tricks and attractive gaiety of youth, and surrounded by the comforts I can see that you have prepared for me, I picture a delightful rest from the worries of my profession."

Cora stood on the side of the table opposite the saturnine intruder. "Mother," cried she turning sharply to the trembling woman at the door, "is this father?"

"Yes," whispered the mother.

"Yes, my dear girl, I am your father. I have really forgotten your name, but in all these years of wandering, hardship and neglect I have carried the image of your baby face, pictured on the most sacred door of my inmost heart. Let me see, Margaret, what was it we christened our daughter?"

"Cora," gasped the poor woman, sinking into a chair.

"And is our name Moore, not Burnham?" demanded Cora, still addressing her remarks to her trembling mother.

"Yes child, my name was Burnham, his was Moore."

"It is immaterial, wife; it is immaterial, Cora dear. I am willing to take the name of Burnham if it is necessary to uphold the respectability of the family. I am too old to quarrel over trifles. Give me money enough to go out and buy a new suit of clothes. We will go to church and be a happy family to-morrow. Don't be afraid Margaret, the saloons are shut. I am much more temperate and discreet than I used to be."

"Give it to him mother," said Cora, quickly. "He is my father, he will have to look respectable no matter what he is."

When he had gone Cora clasped the wrist of the almost hysterical woman who had been so kind to her, and with tightly drawn lips demanded an explanation.

"Cora, child, don't blame me. If I have concealed it from you it has been for your own good, that a knowledge of the suffering and the shame through which I have passed when you were a baby, might not cloud your life. I have kept it all these years locked up in my heart, and if I have been anxious for you to marry, it has been that you might wear a name that belonged to you. Twenty-five years ago I married Ralph Moore who represented himself to me as a gentleman of means. Our honeymoon was not over before I discovered him to be a gambler. For five years I lived a most wretched life with him and he deserted me here. For some reason he was anxious not to be known, but he registered at the hotel as Capt. Burnham. He went out in the evening to visit someone he knew, and two hours after he returned in a frightful passion, took his valise, and said he would be back in a couple of days and left me. I did not see him again until to-night. His desertion caused some comment, and after it had appeared in the newspapers it was impossible for me to take any other name than the one I had borne at the hotel. For that reason, and no other, I have been Mrs. Burnham."

"Mother, is this story true? There is nothing worse than you have told me?"

"Is it not bad enough, Cora?" sobbed the poor woman. "Indeed, there is nothing worse than having a gambler, a drunkard, and a deadbeat for a father or for a husband."

When, after an hour's absence, he returned a suit of ready-made clothing and new silk hat, and, in fact, new outfit, together with a shave and a bath, had very much changed his appearance. His hair and mustache had been dyed, and few would have thought this man, approaching four score years, was more than fifty, he bore himself so jauntily.

Even her mother's recital of wrongs did not keep Cora from being half afraid of her father's return. She had supposed him dead, but this aristocratic-looking stranger, now too old to be a serious encumbrance, seemed to her to rather add to the family dignity. Ralph Moore was tall and magnificently proportioned, having one of those rare physiques which seem to last in every feature until the very end. With the assistance of a little hair dye his still abundant locks bore no traces of age. Even his teeth though some of them had been artificially filled, were more than half his own. His voice, what florid face had but few wrinkles except about the eyes and corners of the mouth, and the skin, that which generally betrays old age, had not the hard parchment look which comes to so many at three score. His arrogant, overbearing manner, flashing eyes and military bearing had carried him through many a confidence game, secured him many a loan, and enabled him to sit at cards with gentlemen even after he had gained a reputation of never losing money and being suspected of not always winning it fairly.

"I have been thinking it over, and have decided that would be better for you and better for me, better for us all if I adopt the name of Burnham. In fact," said he, "I haven't been wearing the name of Moore for the past twenty years and it is not necessary for me to adopt it now, particularly as it would involve you in unpleasant explanations. I will open an office as broker. I see you evidently have funds which need investment, and I will be able to add to the eclat of the millinery business by seeming superior to it. Upon my soul—er—Mary, Sara—what did you say her name was—Margaret?"

"Cora," corrected the dumbfounded woman.

"Yes,—Cora,—how did I forget it! you are a fine looking girl. I'll be able to arrange a proper marriage for you—yes indeed, Cora, you are a devilish handsome woman and you have the bearing of the Moores: you were born to be a lady and I'll see that you are one, too. I suppose you look after the finances of this concern?"

"No," answered Cora slowly and with a certain awe of this prepossessing father who had so suddenly developed himself, "I am stenographer and bookkeeper for Killick & Tully."

"The b——you say, not Killick the lawyer?"

"Yes, he is a lawyer. How did you come to know him?"

"To tell you the truth Cora; I was born in this city. My father was the wealthiest man in it and I have always suspected the scoundrel Killick of having been involved with my brother in a conspiracy to keep me out of a share of my father's property. However, it wasn't the fault of Killick so much as that of his partner, and I don't know as it was anyone's fault but I always had an idea there was something wrong."

"Is Col. Moore your brother," inquired Cora.

"No, he is probably my nephew. My brother died three or four months ago. I saw it in the papers. Is the young fellow a client of yours?"

"No, but he borrowed some money from one of our clients, and he was in the office quite frequently for a few days. He has the reputation of being a very rich man."

"Don't say anything to him about me but watch all the deals he makes. I intend to fasten myself on him yet and see if I can't borrow some of his wealth. Come Margaret, look a little more pleased at the return of your loving husband. You sit there as if you had been struck with a club. I won't embarrass you, don't be afraid of that. Very little will do me, I am getting too old to take many chances and I am going to play a safe game from this time out."

Mr. Killick also had an unexpected visitor. Theodore Kahn the diamond merchant met him by special appointment on Sunday evening, effectually disguised by a grey wig, powdered eye-brows, and a clean shaven face.

"Ah, mine friend," he exclaimed, grasping Killick's unwilling hand between both of his own. "I am back again; mine brother was brought me here, he is in trouble, and looks to you and me for help."

"I have no interest in either you or your brother," answered Killick viciously, "and I don't see what in the devil's name made you take chances of twenty years in the penitentiary by coming back here."

"Oh, but you know it will be *both* of us, mine friend, if I go you will go. You are too smart to be put in prison, you must be too smart to have me go there."

"You are mistaken, Kahn. I have effectually protected myself from any possibility of getting into trouble over your affair."

"Oh, did you? I did not break down a wall for nothing. Was it my fault I found only a few things with me that I thought might be of value if you played me false. I have them yet."

Killick's face paled. "I missed nothing of value," said he. "You can' blackmail me. You are taking too big chances."

"Don't make any mistake with me, Mr. Killick. You robbed me of everything I had, scarcely leaving me enough to get out of the country. My brother has a little job on, he will need some help. We do not ask any money. If we do not get through it we will be arrested and sent to prison. I will have nothing to lose and much to make it but for you, so we count on your help, on your assistance."

Killick was lying back in his chair, studying the crack in the ceiling, his fingers in a pyramid before him. "Oh, it is merely professional assistance you want?"

"Yes, it is merely professional. My brother is going to fail, and he wants to do it right. I am staying at his house and getting rid of the stuff we take out of his store. You will only have to arrange the legal details; we may count on you to do it right."

"Of course, of course," answered Killick more cheerfully. "I will do my best; I always do that for a client. It is a godsend that your brother and you don't wear the same name or this affair would excite unpleasant recollections of the other trouble. When is the suspension to take place?"

"Oh! not for four or five weeks yet. He is only making his bad debts and getting rid of his stock. Who has my old room now?"

"It is just as you left it," answered Killick sharply.

"Well, my friend, let us visit it."

Together they entered the inner room and for an hour conspired together as to how Stillberg & Co. could best defraud their creditors. As Kahn said good night to the lawyer, he whispered confidentially, "When we get this thing through we will both go to Australia, and you will have no more trouble with us."

When Killick was alone he drew an odd little pass book from its hiding place in the vault door, and for minutes hour was engrossed in calculations from which he rose with a fierce twitching of his coarse lips and a still more villainous look in his ugly face.

(To be Continued.)

What Foreigners Eat.

Nearly everything that moves is eaten in some way or another. The natives of different countries have various tastes and eat many odd dishes. In the Arctic regions the fox is eaten, and those who have tasted it there say it tastes like as rabbit. Cats and dogs are favorite dishes in China and in the South Sea Islands. Dog flesh is said to taste like badger. The blacks in Australia also eat dogs, and in Africa they prefer it to anything else. In some parts of this country the wildcat and the American panther are eaten; so is the puma, which is so much like veal in flavor that one hardly knows the difference. Lion's flesh, too, is said to be like veal in color, taste and texture. The Australian kangaroo tastes very much like venison. Some of the small species of the animal will serve up nicely as hare.

The natives of Australia at a banquet furnish an odd menu. On it can be seen kangaroos, wallabies, opossums and flying squirrel, kangaroo rats, wombat and bandicots, rats, mice, snails, snakes, worms and grubs. In Martinique the muskrats is eaten. The Indians eat the beaver, which is said to be like pork. The Dutch and Hottentots of the Cape are very fond of porcupine. Elephants' feet furnish delicacies to the natives of Ceylon. They pickle them, and serve with vinegar and cayenne pepper. The trunk of the elephant is said to resemble buffalo meat. In the Indian Archipelago and Malabar the natives are very fond of bats. The flesh is white, tender and delicate. Badger is said to taste like wild boar. Hippopotamus fat is considered a great treat by some, and when salted is said to be superior to bacon. The flesh is palatable and nutritious, and the fat is used for all the ordinary uses of butter.

Unraveling a Mystery; or

The Yarn of a Knit Shirt.

The Bullgine Was the Biggest.

We had been over to an alligator hole in Mississippi and were on our way back to town, when we came out on a ridge from which we could see a good bit of country around us. Half a mile away the great Jackson Railroad crossed a highway, and we could see the railroad track for three or four miles and the highway for a mile or more. The only thing moving was a mule attached to a cart. The cart was loaded with watermelons, and on top of them lay an old darkey sound asleep.

The mule has his own way as to gait, and he stopped to nibble every hundred feet. We were laughing at the picture presented, when we saw smoke way down the railroad and knew that a train was approaching. It was only natural that we should figure on how near the train and mule would come in collision. Every one had made his guess when the mule reached the crossing and stopped with the cart across the tracks. The express was then only about eight rods off and coming like greased lightning.

"Toot! toot! toot!" went the whistle, but the mule stood with head and ears down. We could hear the bell clanging, but it was no use. With a rush the locomotive lifted cart and mule high in air and flung them to one side. We hastened down to the spot to find the mule dead, the cart smashed to pieces, and the negro just crawling out of some bushes fully seventy feet from the rails.

"Well, boy, are you hurt?" asked the colonel.

"Not in my pusson, sah," replied the old man, as he stood very straight before us, "but I'ze bin dreffully hurted in my mind. It hain't de proper way to wake a pusson up, sah—no, sah—an' it hain't usin' me like a gemlan, sah—no, sah—an' de idea of killin' dat ar mewl jist to show dat de bullgine was the biggest, sahs, is like no Christian, sah—no, sah—an' I'll nebber say it was!"

Not Our Night.

Major Rathbone made a personal assault on us last Tuesday as we were about to enter the Big Elephant saloon, to interview the Prosecuting Attorney in regard to the Keller affair. We presume it was because the *Kicker* a week preferred to the Major as a liar and an absconder. We presume it was, although he made no explanation. A few minutes before he seized us, we fight like fighting. A minute afterwards we were on the run. There are times when we can fight to the death, and other times when we can outrun any coyote in the glorious west. The Major happened to get us on our off night, or he would otherwise have been reduced to pulp. There is a good deal of winking and chuckling around town, but we don't see anything to laugh at. If we didn't have our off-spells we'd be a veritable terror to the whole district. It's lucky for Arizona that we were born that way.—*The Kicker.*

A Base Fabrication.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* announces that the editor and proprietor of this paper recently won $2,000 at a game of poker in a well-known saloon and that we play the best hand of any man in the territory. The article was sent out with the design of injuring us. In order to put a stranger here we occasionally drop in on the boys and play poker, and in order not to appear to be tenderfoot we have occasionally raked in a few dollars, but no one must charge us with being a gambler. As to the $2 000 business, the most nervy man in town wouldn't bet over $1.50 if he held four aces or a straight flush.—*The Kicker.*

Too Modest to Brag.

Two Bohemians are discussing the rules of etiquette.

"As for myself, remarked one of them, "I never think of looking at the time when I am with a lady."

"Why, you're politeness itself."

"Oh, no, it isn't that; the trouble is—I've no watch."

How Tigers Kill.

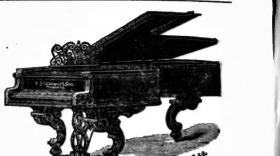
Mr. Inverarity, who is an enthusiastic hunter of large game, has been reading a paper before the Bombay Natural History Society in which he discusses the habits of the tiger, and more especially the mode in which it kills and eats its prey. He tells us that the actual stroke of the forepaw, of which we have heard so much in terrible tiger stories, is a fiction. The animal clutches with its claw as does a human being with his fingers, but he does not use his paw to strike a blow. The throat of the victim is generally seized from below, and death ensues from pressure of the windpipe rather than from any actual wound.

Mr. Inverarity believes that the victims suffers little or no pain, the sudden shock of attack producing a stupor and dreaminess in which there is no sense of pain or terror. Incidentally, he quotes the inquest report upon a native who was killed in Salsette by a tiger, from which it seems that extraordinary verdrs are by no means confined to more civilized countries. The report stated that Pandoo died of the tiger eating him; there was no other cause of death. Nothing was left but some fingers, which probably belonged to the tiger or left hand.

The Dress of the Future.

A portentous rumor is circulated in the world of tailors and tailor-made men. Evening trousers must in future be embroidered down the seam. There it to be a rich design, the best embroidery and the best silk. In this way the distinction between the gentleman and the waiter will be restored and pronounced, and, as the embroidery will be costly, it can be adopted by none but comparatively rich men. It is believed that this is only the first note of a sartorial reaction. In architecture we have reverted to Gothic churches and Queen Anne houses; in furniture we have fallen back a century or two; the ritualists revive the decorations of the fifteenth and sixteen centuries.

The pre-Raphaelites went back further for artistic inspiration, and, if our new books are modern as regards type-setting and thought, the rough, uncut pages and the quaint bindings recall the missals and the hour books of the Middle Ages. It is, therefore, believed that when the thin end of the wedge is secured in the shape of an embroidery seam, the reaction in costume will go further. Ruffles and lace will appear at our wrists and on our shirt fronts. The seams will soon be of gold and "frogged" frockcoats will pervade Picadilly. The plain "topper" will disappear and cocked hats will ornament Rotten Row. We shall see the literary gentlemen of the period airing plum-colored coats like Goldsmith, while a rich suitor will win a battle as Steele relates in one of his contributions to the *Spectator*, by adding another row of lace to his liveries." Then England will become beautiful and picturesque. Each craft and calling will be known by its costume. Out-coats will be of many colors. The velvet frocs of the parson or of the lawyer will be contrasted with the brilliant appearance of the fashionable beau.



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Christmas Eve in Muskoka.

On the west shore of Lake Joseph about three miles north of Port Sandfield, stands a low, weather-beaten shanty, looking more like a shed than a human habitation, yet it is a thoroughly typical Muskoka settler's home. In front of it lies the lake; behind it, almost from the very doors, stretches away the dense unbroken forest, running down also on the right (or north) to the very shore. On the left is a narrow clearing, the stumps still standing in the rocky soil, obtruding themselves among the corn and cabbages in the summer, and forming pitfalls for the unwary feet in the winter, when the snow has covered their indomitable heads. Surrounded thus by its semicircle of dark pines and fronted by the frozen surface of the lake, the house has an isolated appearance, and in winter it is isolated. In summer, when all the clustering islands are alive with their temporary population, and the steamer passes up and down the lake with its merry load of guests for the Cockburn House at the head or for some of the island cottages, it is a different place. But, by the middle of October the hotels are closed, the summer-houses boarded up for the season, the last camper has departed and the whole District is abandoned to a silence and desolation. That we, in our crowded city, can hardly imagine. Muskoka in the summer is the most delightful of watering places imaginable, a Western Venice, with more life and freedom—but Muskoka in the winter is another part of speech. Yet it has its charms even then, as I suppose all conditions of life have if we but look for them. The smallness of the population forms a reason for unity that larger communities never know. The nearest neighbor on either hand of the little cabin I have spoken of, is three miles away, and the lake is the only highway to it, yet the long tramp or skate is undertaken with very little hesitation for the mere purpose of an evening visit. There is plenty of wood in Muskoka, they can have blazing fires, and it is a pretty sight to see a company of the honest, simple folk gathered round to while away a long winter evening in each other's society. There is the cold walk home (if they are not skaters) ahead of the visitors, but the thought only adds, by the force of comparison, to their present enjoyment, and happier parties never gather round our well-kept grates than gather round some of those Muskoka stoves. Such a party it was that collected in the living-room of the cabin I have spoken of on the Christmas Eve I am going to describe to you. It might have been any other evening for anything particularly festive that

IT MAKES A DEAL OF DIFF'RENCE IN THE TUNE IF IT AIN'T TUNED RIGHT.

marked it, but it was Christmas Eve, and a sense of it was present with all the members of the company. There were no gaily decorated shops to remind them of the fact, there were no Christmas cards to be purchased and sent off, there were no geese or turkeys obtainable to be stuffed and roasted. There would be no church the next day; there was nothing that we would call anything to distinguish the season, but ask them! Nothing! Had not the head of the family taken a six-mile walk to Port Carling, over a rough, corduroy road, to purchase the special treat of a piece of salt pork for the Christmas dinner? Had he not brought back, also, various parcels of raisins and suet, and sugar, for the concoction of the Christmas pudding? And that pudding! It would be the size of a baker's large loaf and stuck as full of raisins, as the pound or pound and a half of that fruit purchased that day would allow. No difference indeed! It was not every day they could afford themselves a piece of pork and the luxury of a fruit pudding! At the time we see them the pudding is securely in its cloth, ready for the next day's boiling. It is not one of your over-fed puddings that require eight hours boiling to reduce its sticky elements to an eatable condition. It is a good, sensible, suet pudding stuck with plums, and two hours the next day will be ample time to cook it. Let us look at the interior of the room first and then at the people. I have used the word, "living-room," advisedly, for the one apartment meets the demands of kitchen, dining room, bed-room and parlor. In the summer a lean-to outside fills the first-named position, but now it is abandoned to the sleet and snow that find such ready access through its generous cracks and crevices. There is a loft above the living-room (reached by a ladder) which in the summer is a bedroom, but it is also abandoned for the same reason as the kitchen. Thus all the requirements for eating, drinking, sleeping and living generally are compressed into the compass of one room. It is well that this is large, being about twenty feet square. In one corner stands ma's and pa's bed, which is also five-year-old Walter's and baby Minnie's. Behind the stove stands Johnnie's, which answers the double purpose of bed and sofa. It is doing this double duty now, to Johnnie's great discomfort, for he has to flatten himself into such a very thin line in order to give sitting room to the obnoxious intruders on his peace. A table, a dresser and two or three chairs complete the furniture of the apartment, and all these articles as well as the beds are home-made and of the same unplaned boards that comprise floor, walls and ceiling. But what does it matter? The stove is red-hot, and despite the cracks and crevices which exist even here, the room is comfortably warm. They are a large party, and all friends such as only people so dependent on each other for society can be. First of all there are the good man and good wife of the establishment, the host and hostess; the first a big, lumbering, good-natured specimen of manhood, with fair hair and blue eyes—the last tall, raw-boned and dark as any squaw, yet withal not uncomely, because of her good brown eyes and bright complexion, and as simple of heart, if rough of speech, as every other member of the little circle. She is one of the disturbers of Johnnie's peace, and a goodly share of room she takes, for her knees are very far apart and her hands are resting on her knees, in such a position that her elbows are poised at the distance of about half a yard on either side of her body. She is making some remark to a man who sits on an upturned box not far from her. There are two others between herself and him (two other enemies of Johnnie's), but he is the central figure of the group, so we must describe him first. He is a youngish man of about 35, with long sleek hair oiled to an alarming extent. He is short and dark and wiry. He is the Paganini of the neighborhood and has an air of fully understanding his own importance. He has his fiddle on his knee now and he is tuning and waxing and tightening it to the admiration of his delighted audience. He is "Mr. Cole," but whether a lawful descendant of "old King Cole" of nursery rhyme fame or of any one of his "fiddlers three," I am unable to say. "Ye see, ladies," he is saying, "it makes a deal of diff'rence in the tune if it ain't tuned right." "I suppose it does, Mr. Cole, I suppose it does," is the ready response from his hostess—always the first to speak and the last to be silent. The other "lady" (there are but two of them altogether) is quite a delicate specimen of girlhood, looking a little out of place amid her surroundings. She is the daughter of a deceased Methodist minister, but she and her mother are dreadfully poor, and only too glad of assistance from their commoner neighbors. Lily has even spent a month at Mrs. N——'s for the purpose of recuperation, when want and privation had reduced her to a state of nervous weakness. The fare here is rough, but there is plenty, and she has not forgotten the good it did her nor ceased to be grateful for it. By her side, a happy occupier of the position, sits Mr. James, who brought her here to-night—the Beau Brummel of the community. Whether his admiration for Miss Lily and his knowledge of her superior position has anything to do with it, I cannot say, but his attention to dress is remarkable. He has been gifted by nature with a foppish air, having a stock of brown curls, a white hand and a tall, rather graceful figure. But he wears a linen collar, an article of which he exercises a monopoly in the neighborhood, and it is a high one. He ever goes as far as a pair of cuffs, and as for his boots, they are always black and polished. He also has an air of a sense of his own importance, or rather it rises to the surface occasionally, but society at large does not seem as willing to allow him his rank as to allow Mr. Cole his, and this knowledge rather damps him. He is not quite sure whether even Miss Lily believes in his superiority, and yet when he looks in the glass he is convinced he is the nearest approach to a gentleman in the District. By Mr. N—— sit Arthur (the hired "help" last summer), a long, loose-limbed, hobble-de-hoy of nineteen summers, who gapes with open mouth at everyone and everything, and laughs invariably at everything that is said to him. He gapes at Lily without intermission except when at short intervals he is attracted to the violinist, and yet if one were to speak to him would probably decamp suddenly for very confusion. One could hardly help being attracted by the violinist. His instrument is certainly capable of the most wonderful sounds. He thinks them so too, but in a different way. Before we pass on we must say that he is not to be counted among Lily's admirers. He is looking "for a girl with brah-ns (it is the nearest I can come to the pronounciation on paper) and it is to be concluded that he does not believe Miss Lily to be the fortunate possessor of that indispensable quality, since he still announces himself as looking. The brains we presume are necessary to make any girl a fitting mate for such a musical genius. "Now, ladies," he says, he always addresses the fair sex, "what will ye have?" The fiddle is in a prime state of readiness, and the fiddler apparently is quite as equal to the occasion. "Take your choice; it's all the same to me," Mrs. N—— is again to the front. "Let's have Zionzill," she says (this is a free translation of Zion's Hill), so Zionzill it is. How can I ever describe it to you? The time is given by the fiddler's elbow, the emphatic movement of which gives a peculiar, spasmodic effect to the music, but anything less marked than this would not have sounded at all correct in their ears. To have attempted to sing with them in the fashion we are accustomed to, would have left you out of sight behind the rest. And it was always Zionzill, Climbin' up Zionzill. Mrs. N—— sings with a vim and energy that surpasses all the rest. She has a voice that reminds you of an ancient barrel-organ, but she is blissfully unaware of the fact herself. "Pa," she says, turning to that overshadowed personage, when the hymn is finished, "why don't you sing? There's that man, apostrophizing the audience, "has as good a voice as I have, and I can't get him to sing a note!" "Pa" blushes painfully; all the company will be listening for his voice in the next hymn. He has been singing, in a quiet way, too, and perhaps it is a little mortifying to find that his efforts have been so entirely unsuccessful. "Now," says his better half (or two-thirds), "let's have 'Jesus Loves Me.' Can you play that, Mr. Cole?" "Anything you like, ma'am, anything you like. Just hum it for me and I'll get it somehow." And he does get it—somehow. "Now," says Mrs. N——, "let's hear you play a tune alone, Mr. Cole." This is the invitation he has been waiting for. Perhaps a faint evidence of his pleasure comes into his face, but on the whole he wears a very good mask. "Certainly, ma'am, certainly," he says, with the air of one conferring a favor. He has a slow, drawling voice as befits one of so much importance. The "toon" is a combination of several tunes and of no tune at all, but the effect is indescribable. At its conclusion Mrs. N—— lifts her hands in amazed admiration. "The way that man do play!" she ejaculates, a note of emphasis on every word. "Nothing so much, ma'am, nothing so much!" modestly objects the performer, with the look and tone of one who is rejecting well-deserved praise. "Ye see I've been playin' this feedle since I was a boy, so it's no great wonder I play it tol rably." Tolerably is not exactly the word to describe the performance, but let that pass! After all, what is there to cavil at? Indeed, I did not set out to cavil, only there were some things in that curious company that could not fail to rouse one's sense of the ridiculous, and of which I can never think, even now, without laughing. But they were a happy little circle, and as perfect an embodiment of the spirit of that Christmas message to which the shepherds listened nearly two thousand years ago of "peace on earth, good will to men," as it would be possible to find. Their separation from the world had prevented them from learning to distrust each other. Of pride they knew nothing, nor of envy, for each was willing to share with the others such things as he or she possessed. It sounds Arcadian, and it *was* as near an approach to it as I have ever seen. They are a happy, simple, contented population, and, through their very unsophistication, more interesting to me than any people I have ever met.

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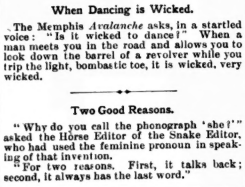
Egotism Rebuked.

Bagnet (G. A. R. veteran)—Just then the enemy came pourin' over th' crest of the hill, an' I grabbed a swab-stick like this, lifted it like this, an' knocked ten rebs silly in less time—



Bretzels—Look out, there, mein frient! Dot cat vas porn an prought ub in Richmant, Virginnia!—*Puck.*

When Dancing is Wicked.

The Memphis *Avalanche* asks, in a startled voice: "Is it wicked to dance?" When a man meets you in the road and allows you to look down the barrel of a revolver while you trip the light, bombastic toe, it is wicked, very wicked.

Two Good Reasons.

"Why do you call the phonograph 'she?'" asked the Horse Editor of the Snake Editor, who had used the feminine pronoun in speaking of that invention.

"For two reasons. First, it talks back; second, it always has the last word."

A Misnamer.

Judge—What formidable document is that in your hand?

Lawyer—This, your honor, is some forty pages of legal cap, which I have prepared on the case before us.

Judge—In other words—a brief.

Her Expressed Contempt.

Lizette—Did ma'mzella herself enjoy at ze ball?

Miss Cregarre—Oh! Ever so much, excepting that my dress was torn just as the German came on.

Lizette Ah-r-r! Zoze Germans are por-r-k!

Rejuvenated.

"Did you ever notice that the confectioner's name is on these cookies?" queried Waggley.

"No."

"Well, it is, and there's only one thing lacking about it."

"What is that?"

"A date."

And then the landlady, after dinner, took 'em out on the back stoop and sandpapered 'em.

Only Our Way.

We understand that Col. Colfax feels aggrieved because we referred to him last week as a dead beat bum who ought to be given a dose of White Cap medicine. The colonel should not be so thin-skinned. It's only our way of keeping track of the leaders of society.—*The Kicker.*

She Knew How It Would Be.

Clara—I want to tell you, Maud, that I am engaged to Mr. Featherly.

Maud—Really? Well, I always said he would marry if some nice girl would only give him a little encouragement.

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PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

So He Could.

"What sort of a winter are we going to have?" he asked of a farmer at the Market Square the other morning.

"Very cold, sir," was the reply.

"Is it?" returned the citizen, in great surprise. "Why, sir, I—I——"

And off he went, and the farmer looked after him and said:

"That's like me—always making a fool of myself. If I had predicted a warm winter I could have sold him three or four bags of potatoes.

Caught a Tartar.

Stumbling Mike—Say, Fiddsey, git on ter de jay on der saw-dust wagon. Le's hold him up, an' go t'rough him!

The Jay (as the wagon comes up)—Them two gents don't seem to care about seein' no prize-fight, does they, boys!—*Judge.*

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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A Hint.

No one could have stood by and viewed the St. George's Society's disbursement of good cheer last week without feeling that many a home in Toronto has been cheered and assisted by the help then given, and whilst SATURDAY NIGHT properly recognizes this, it feels constrained to make one suggestion with regard to the manner of giving. It may be that the society has to take almost whatever place it can get, but the fact still remains that as a rule the place of distribution chosen is too public. It may be all very well for those who are doing the good work to be seen of men, but the recipients of their bounty should be considered also. The most deserving objects for charity are generally the most sensitive, and to such the idea of marching from the door of charity before the gaze of a crowded street, is intolerable. The consequence is that the more shameless, and probably less deserving, are the ones who most profit by this Christmas distribution. To give to the poor is a goodly thing, but to offer that gift in a manner that shall be entirely lacking in the element of offence is an object well worth the striving for of every charitable society.

The Practical Joker.

The race of fools will never be extinct so long as the practical joker is permitted to remain on this great sublunary footstool. One of the latest professors of the joyous science suddenly sprang up before three startled females in England last week, and politely informing them that he was Jack the Ripper, made for them with a butcher's knife. Of course he only meant to frighten them, as does the cheerful lunatic who begins by pointing a gun at his friend and finishes up by scattering his stomach all over the adjacent lot. In the present case the personator of the Ripper left two of his victims insensible with fright, when he took to his heels, and now he is deeply pained to hear that one of them died an hour or two after from sheer fright. But, thank Heaven! the English bench is merciful, except when some hungry wretch steals a turnip or snares a hare, and the practical joker who performed the above kindly action will be able in six months' time to spring another surprise on a startled public; and he'll do it as sure as fate, for the practical joker is hard to suppress. The only way to suppress him is to put a fifty-six pound weight around his neck and gently but firmly drop him down the nearest well.

The Girl of To-day.

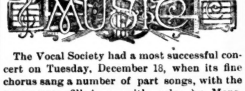
The young woman of the period has a heavy cross to bear in the carloads of advice which are daily dumped at her door by merciful asses whose chiefest charm is that they are most eloquent on the subject which they least understand. And right here is just about the period in which some of these dumpers might, with a good deal of propriety, take that rest of which they and an injured community stand in so much need. The average young woman of to-day is all right, and her pedal ornaments generally materialize on schedule time and in the proper place. As a complete letter writer, perhaps, she does not approach the standard laid down by her grandmother of fifty years ago, for we all know, and maybe don't regret very much, that letter writing is rapidly becoming one of the lost arts. But, "alles samen," as Washee Washee says, the men of to-day are satisfactorily compensated in the variety of charms which the modern girl presents to admiring masculinity. Admitted, she is not such a prude as was the dear, quiet puss who lapp'd the milk and set our grandsires at sword's point with each other in good King George's glorious days—but the change is not altogether inimical to our present enjoyment. The most remarkable, or perhaps it should be said the least remarkable, thing about it is that women writers are invariably the fault finders, and just as invariably are those who are least qualified to give an honest opinion on the subject. Who writes so glibly on "Learn to bring up your children" as the old maid who never knew, and therefore never can properly understand the hopes, the joys and fears that absolutely thrill and chill the heart of tender maternity. "How to treat a lover" is a favorite subject of the "old girl" essayist who never had a lover's arm around her attenuated waist, in whose virgin ears have never fallen the intoxicating accents of reciprocal affection. The masculine world is getting very weary of all this unnecessary pitching into lovely maidenhood. If the latter is on the down grade towards destruction, it won't be for lack of the other sex's company. The girls of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with their ruffs, their farthingales, their hoops and furbelows, their dainty patches and stately dances—were doubtless the divinest creatures in the eyes of their day and generation; and the girls of the future possibly may eclipse all that have gone before, but in the meantime, the girl of to-day is quite enough for us.

A Rare Bird.

At the New York Yacht Club: "There's the most remarkable man who has been elected into the club this year."

"Indeed! And why?"

"He owns a yacht."



The Vocal Society had a most successful concert on Tuesday, December 18, when its fine chorus sang a number of part songs, with the programme filled up with solos by Mons. Musin, Mrs. Tanner and Mr. Mockridge. The chorus sang well, though not up to some of the best of its former efforts. Its chief failings were in the lack of clearness of tone, in the gradation of its shading and here and there in its intonation. These drawbacks were, however, only trifling in extent, and were probably not noticed by the general audience, who were indeed unanimous in pronouncing this the best concert ever given by the society. The singing of Reay's Dawn of Dav was the best effort of the evening, and was never excelled by anything the society has sung. Pole's Hundredth Psalm, a piece of entirely different style, was so well sung, in spite of its dry character, that it served well to display the versatility of the society's training and of its conductor's comprehension of his subjects.

•

Indeed, Mr. Haslam is to be congratulated upon the manner in which the music of the evening was sung at so early a date in the season. O, Who Will O'er the Downs, and the Chimes of Oberwesel were sung with the swing that belongs to them. A fine rendering of The Song of the Vikings was given, but the accompaniment of one piano was entirely inadequate. Why were not both pianos used for such a fiery piece? The violin playing of M. Musin was simply delightful. He played Leonhard's Souvenir d' Haydn, a mazurka by himself, and his own Caprice, all decidedly programme music, a selection that was eminently popular, but hardly what the musicians and dilletanti in the audience would have wished to hear. But his manner of playing would justify a much worse choice. His purity and richness of tone, his ample and easy bowing, and his breadth and fulness of phrasing reconciles the amateur to anything he plays.

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I hope he may revisit us and give us a programme of classical music, for I am sure the heart of the musician and classicist is warm within him, under the, alas! too necessary covering of the popularity seeker. That last is a matter of business. Mrs. Tanner sang with charming freedom of tone, and facility of execution. There is probably little sentiment in her voice, but then you don't usually find it in those high soprano voices. If they sing with lightness, sweetness, fluency and fidelity to the pitch, they fulfil their mission, that of pleasing. All this, and more, Mrs. Tanner does. Mr. Mockridge I never heard to better advantage. He just sang exquisitely, and I can remember no greater vocal treat than his and Mrs. Tanner's singing of the Lucantoni duet, A Night in Venice.

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On Thursday evening of last week the Toronto Teachers' Association held its annual concert at Association Hall, when a large audience was gathered to hear the excellent programme provided by the committee. Mrs. Caldwell led the list, and I fancy a good many people were disappointed that she did not sing some of the songs with which her name has become indissolubly associated. She sang La Farfaletta, Baby Mine, and Far Away, and imparted a very feeling rendering to the two latter. Mr. Warrington's songs were, as usual, well sung, though rather with robustness than with sentiment. Mr. George Taylor gave acceptable renderings of Once Again and Tell Her I Love Her So. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke's cornet solos, Fadleta and Johnny is Gone Awa were exceedingly well rendered, but in his last effort, the Felice waltz, his instrument seemed almost to suffer from a cold, so uncertain and vague were his attacks.

•

Mr. Tom Hurst gave some comic songs, in his own refined and humorous style which might well be taken for a model by other comic singers. Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Warrington sang a trio, Life has no Power from Belisario, and from the experience in part-singing possessed by the three voices, a very much better result might have been expected than was vouchsafed to us. They were not together. Mr. S. H. Clarke made his first important appearance since his arrival in Toronto. He is an elocutionist of no mean merit. He has an expressive face, with fairly strong features, and has a voice of good quality, which he modulates well, and which enables him to give plentiful variety of expression to his subjects. He also has a certain magnetic power which strengthens his contrasts of grave and gay. But, he has some mannerisms in his bow and entrance that he would do well to examine critically before a mirror.

•

The Yeoman of the Guard has come and in a few hours will be gone. I say nothing of the libretto, as that belongs to the next column. I will only indicate that where it gave Sullivan a chance to make good music he has done so. From a musical standpoint the first act despite its weak overture is so much the stronger one, that if the prelude to the second act, the chorus which follows it, and the trio for Elsie, Phœbe, and Dame Carruthers, were omitted, one would almost say that Sullivan had written himself out as far as the voice parts are concerned. Much of this impression is due to the fact that the book places so much of the "funny" work in the second act, and of course the composer could not write heroic music to buffoonery, and when the buffoonery is Gilbertian, that is, the same jingle and clipping rhyme that occurs in the earlier works, the music must also resemble that of the other operas in that department at all events.

•

For these Gilbertian rhymes are not calculated to inspire new flights of fancy in the musician, and their music causes a feeling that one is not an utter stranger to it. But the splendid instrumentation, much fuller than ever before, reconciles one. In no previous opera has Sullivan put the same breadth into his orchestral work. The first act is finely written and full of good music for principals, chorus and orchestra. The singers are all acceptable, particularly Miss Helen Lamont, whose Elsie was charming in every respect. Next comes Miss Alice Carle as Phœbe. The chorus was pleasing in tone, but not strong nor yet very clear.

METRONOME.

The Yeoman of the Guard is a fashionable infliction. Gilbert's willowy twig of plant thought has not budded half so lavishly here as in his former works. He has polished his wit until there is next to nothing in it but polish. It goes at a limping, halting gait and the opera catches its spirit from it so that its action is disjointed and jerky. Its arrangement is amateurish. The sequence of motives is not at all times clear, the action is dull and spiritless and the stage setting unattractive and mournful. The stage looks like a graveyard and the costumes are not sufficiently beautiful and artistic to relieve the dreary effect. It lacks the life and color, the briskness and the tuneful melodies which made Pinafore, Iolanthe, Patience, and the Mikado so successful.

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The *World*, which nearly always gets these things correctly, remarked that the large audience present on Monday evening found the production a good deal of a disappointment, and this remark was pregnant with truth. It was not that the company proved unworthy. Mr. John Stetson has given us one of the best of companies. Individually and collectively it is of unusual excellence. It is the opera itself that is disappointing. Its gems are a good deal scarcer, than they were in anything else produced by the joint efforts of its brilliant authors. The prettiest and most striking number in it is the singing farce of the Merryman and his Maid. The quaint, old-fashioned drone of the accompaniment is singularly pretty and attractive. In writing thus, however, I am infringing on the domain of the gentleman, scholar and good judge of music whose brain product permeates the adjoining column.

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This has been a big week for the theaters. On Christmas day both houses were crowded, and Managers Sheppard and Shaw wore happy smiles and plug hats with becoming modesty and grace. I wonder if Toronto people realize that we have here the two handsomest managers in America. O. B. Sheppard is a thing of beauty and Charley Shaw a joy for ever. While the holiday season is upon us, and little throats are cloyed with sweetmeats, I extend the assurances of SATURDAY NIGHT's distinguished consideration to the two managers. May they live long and prosper. May they grow in beauty, grace and riches. Gentlemen, a happy and prosperous new year to you.

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Mr. O. B. Sheppard has done a good deal for the amusement lovers of Toronto this season, and he deserves that credit for it which should become the portion of every man who has the ability and the enterprise to do a thing of excellence. I know of no theater in America where so many good attractions have been played consecutively as at the Grand this season. The cream of the traveling companies has been skimmed for the Grand from the dramatic milk-pan. As a theatrical caterer Mr. Sheppard is a success, and both Manager Sheppard and Manager Shaw should rejoice and give thanks, for never in the history of theatricals in Toronto has there been so prosperous a season as the present.

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At the Grand Opera House for the New Year's week attraction the talented young actor Mr. Robert Mantell has been secured, and he will on this occasion again present that deeply fascinating romantic drama Monbars, in which he made such a pronounced hit here last season. In this play Mr. Mantell has an excellent opportunity to show his versatility and his impersonation of the title part is a masterly effort. All the handsome scenery, costumes and bric-a-brac prepared for its New York city representations will be brought on here, it being the manager's intention, Mr. Augustus Pitou, to present the play in as nearly perfect a manner as possible. Mr. Mantell is supported by an admirable dramatic company that embraces such prominent artists as the Misses Charlotte Behrens, Marie Sheldon and Kate Vandenhoff and the Messrs. Mark Price, B. T. Ringgold, Archie Lindsay and Kendall Weston. There will be matinees on New Year's Day and Saturday. Monbars will run the whole week.

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The Kindergarden is one of those peculiar arrangements which sprang into existence some years ago when Nate Salsbury, John Webster, Nellie McHenry and a clever little party of three or four others first played The Brook and made money with it. They are all more or less alike. The usual concomitants are light music, slang, puns and alleged witticisms awkward enough in construction to make the hair of a graven image stand on end. That's the Kindergarden this is. It is built right on those lines. It has a good deal of variety business introduced and a liberal sprinkling of short skirted young women who sing and dance and cast their heels about with a lavish generosity that accomplishes nothing but swelling the box office receipts and the display of multifarious lace-edged petticoats. Looking at these performances calmly, it fills one with wild wonder that anything so cheap and meretricious and intrinsically worthless can please the capricious fancy of the public. Yet so it is. At present this style of performance hits the popular taste and draws the dollars.

•

The Kindergarden is not much better, and considerably worse, than the usual run of performances of this stamp. Miss Kittie Hart is a bright and clever little woman and sings and dances her way through the dry rot of her part not at all unpleasantly. Outside of her there is no one in the company to command particular attention. The piece itself is the most inconsequent drivel, calculated to fill the soul with agony and righteous wrath.

NOTES.

Bernhardt is playing to $2500 houses in Constantinople.

The iron curtain in a London theater recently refused to rise, and after patiently waiting over an hour the audience retired.

Miss Kate Bishop, an actress in Australia, wears a silver bracelet on the left arm night and day. Her only sister locked it there before she sailed for America to get married. The ship went down with all hands, and the key is with the drowned girl.

Mary Anderson is at last to have a dangerous rival in the person of a fair Australian, whose name is Essie Jenyns. This new star is just leaving her native country for England, where she will attempt the roles of the divine Mary. The colonists at her home assert that Miss Jenyns is loveller and cleverer than the American actress, and she is expected to take the mother country by storm.

The Campanini Operatic Concert Company is back again in New York, and is reported as being pecuniarily in bad shape. It is gossiped that the members of the company have only received one week's salary since they started out. Signor Campanini will attempt to give concerts in New York to help the people to get money enough to pay their return fares to Italy. Everybody sympathizes with Campanini and his artists.

Kyrle Bellew has been talking about his domestic affairs to an American reporter. Speaking of his marriage he said: "I obtained a decree against my wife last year. My marriage was a ceremony only. It began and ended in the Sacristy of the Cathedral in Melbourne, Australia. A woman jilted me. I was young and mad, and who just twenty-one years old. I married in piqué. She did not wish the marriage known. She left the colony the following day and that was the end of my married life. I met her subsequently—three years ago—in London. She walked into the reading-room of the Langham Hotel, where I was sitting. She walked straight up to me and looked me full in the face (she was a French woman) and said, 'How long?' I said, 'Ten years, isn't it?' She smiled and said, 'Almost,' and we parted. It was then that I commenced the proceedings which terminated in my favor last year."

The American theatrical public has a keen sense of humor, or otherwise it might wax somewhat indignant at the everlasting "farewells" taken of them by popular artists. Miss Lotta is the latest to figure in this ancient and little-honored scheme of advertising. It is notorious that the little lady's general popularity has shown some symptoms of exhaustion, and hence her managers announce that this season she is making her farewell "tour," which in all probability she will keep up for a decade or so. Playgoers, while they know they are being imposed upon, laugh cheerfully and court the "farewells" as long as their memory holds out. Nearly every lady star now on the stage has taken a series of farewells of the American stage, and yet their end is not. There are, however, a few brilliant exceptions. Miss Maggie Mitchell, who has been on the stage half a century, scouts the notion of a farewell and candidly declares her intention to go on acting just as long as the public will have her and her powers remain. Madame Modjeska is another who disdains humbug and intends acting as long as the public will go to see her, and more than that, makes no secret of her age. Joe Jefferson is another who despises the "farewell" trick and will act for twenty years yet if he is spared, and Mr. John Gilbert, when asked lately about his "farewell" of the stage, replied, with wondering eyes, "Why, man, I never dreamed of such a thing."

Unhappy Old Men.

The professional man, who makes his living by hard knocks and constant exertions, is prone to envy the business man or speculator who can go on making money without work, and who can pile up a fortune which seems enormous to one who manages to pick out of the world by constant endeavor a snug living, and perhaps a little more under favorable conditions. But when old age comes, the professional man has an immense advantage over the merchant, particularly over the merchant who is, from the nature of things, so common in a country like this—the merchant who was not educated in his youth, and whose daily chase after money has stunted all the more refined and studious aspirations he may originally have possessed. For the old merchant, rich as he may be, there is little satisfaction in the last years. He can either struggle on after riches which have no longer any significance or charm for him, or he can spend his time moping and loitering uneasily, miserable in idleness, and not knowing which way to turn or what to do with the time which before he never had any to spare. Of course this is not the case with all rich old men who have made their money in trade. Some have as convenient and satisfactory methods of employing their minds as could be asked for; but the majority are not so fortunate. Scattered about the country are rich men, or men with all the property they have need for, and more, too, who are quite unhappy in their idleness.

Superstitions.

The Koran says that all the flies shall perish save one—the bee fly.

It is regarded as a death warning in Germany to hear a cricket's cry.

The Tapuya Indians in South America say the devil assumes the form of a fly.

Rain is, in some parts of our own country, expected to follow unusually loud chirping of crickets.

Flies are sometimes regarded as furnishing prognostications of the weather, and even of other events.

Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, believed that spiders indicated gold when they were found in abundance.

Although a sacred insect among the Egyptians, the beetle receives but little notice in folk lore. It is unlucky in England to kill one.

In Germany it is said to indicate good luck to have a spider spin a web downward toward you, but bad luck when he rises toward you.

The grasshopper is a sufficiently unwelcome visitant of himself in this country; but in Germany his presence is further said to announce strange guests.

A Welsh tradition says bees came from Paradise, leaving the garden when man fell, but with God's blessing, so that wax is necessary in the celebration of the mass.

The ancients generally maintained that there was a close connection between bees and the soul. Porphyry speaks of "those souls which the ancients called bees."

The Trials of a Poet.

For Saturday Noght.

A poet once upon a time
Made mention of a shelf,
He did not like to use as rhyme
That sordid word called pelf;
But helf, gelf, jelf, kelf,
There's no such word as pelf,
He could not tell what would sound well,
So filled the breach himself.

This poet then quite recklessly
Called May a pleasant month,
He couldn't see that time should flee
Quick as the quick stream runneth;
But punth, trunth, junth, hunth,
There's no such word as skunth,
He didn't know what to do, so
He called himself a dunth.

And then the simpleton must needs
Stand gazing from a window;
Courage, my friend, nor fear the end,
You don't know what you kin do.
Oh, shindo, spindo, skindo, slindo,
There's no such word as jindo,
Oh, cruel fate, and hard to state,
He turns into a Hindoo.

But now his wife called loud and long
For him to mind the baby.
(A senseless wife—but such is life)
The child s good natured, may be.
So grahy, drahy, sahy, rahy,
There's no such word as wahy,
Poor luckless hard, 'tis hard, oh, hard
To feel yourself a gahy.

The thought of all his misery
Makes both his cheeks to scorch,
No other cheek has he to speak
Of. Then upon his porch
He thinks of norch, and dorch, and lorch,
There's no such word as snorch;
He cannot tell what will sound well,
And so like a sensible fellow he ignores
whole matter, and comforts himself with
volume of Walt Whitman.

HERALD.

An Agreeable Manner.

DEDICATED WITH MANY TEARS TO MY FRIEND MR. BLANK.

For Saturday Night.

I know you are handsome and big,
I know you are brainy and bold,
You look undeniably trig,
But you're simply a terrible scold.
If a lady presumes to say no
To your dictum, how scornful you scan her,
Now why—why will you act so?
Why not have an agreeable manner?

Don't shake your fist at my nose
To emphasize your opinion;
Don't take the hand-organ man's pose,
When the poets of our dear Dominion
Are praised. Don't expect all the world
To hail your particular banner;
Don't storm till my bang is uncurled,
Do have an agreeable manner.

It is said, or at least, I have heard,
That scorn is the weakness of woman;
She must always have the last word,
She's the one that's a trifle inhuman.
Poor thing when she talks to you—oh,
How much she needs some one to fan her!
Now why—why will you act so?
Why not have an agreeable manner?

If the bull dog that sleeps in your breast,
Would *stay* asleep—but what's the use?
The sun will arise in the west
When you cease to "let yourself loose,"
In your bonfire of words I am wood,
Or a hide in the hands of the tanner,
How quick I would hide if I could
From your very agreeable manner!

Don't think I write this to be mean,
For meanness I wholly despise;
To be liked you need only be seen,
And I know you are clever and wise.
I don't like to mention it, but
It's as true as that my name's not Hanner;
Let me whisper it (is that door shut?)
You have not an angelical manner.

ETHELYN WETHERALD.

A Garden in Spain.

Behind the massive convent walls,
The convent old and gray,
Where spire and turret caught the last
Sad gleam of departing day—
The fairest spot in all the land—
The convent garden lay.

An aged monk the garden gave,
As ended were his days,
But left with it this stern decree—
So ancient legend says—
That none save those of perfect heart
Might walk its flowery ways.

'Tis evening hour. A novice stands,
Her head bent low in prayer;
"I thank Thee, kindly Heaven," she said,
"For all Thy sheltering care,
And thank Thee, too, that I may walk
With perfect conscience here."

Hark! Through the silent aisle rings out
A note so pure and clear,
The maiden pauses in her prayer—
Her heart stands still to hear;
The air is sad with melody,
And Heaven sheds a tear.

Now faint and far the music falls,
Like rippling of a rill,
Now near and loud with quivering notes,
That through the listener thrill;
One burst of last, triumphant song,
And all is hushed and still.

Yet silent stands the listening nun;
Then, with a low-breathed sigh,
Remembers her neglected prayer,
And tear-drops dim her eye.
She falls with face upon the ground—
"Oh, God," she shrieks, "I die!"

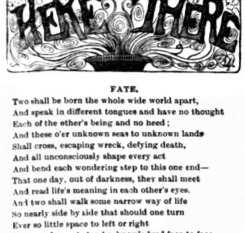
An instant's space and all things change—
No flower, no shrub, no tree;
The convent walls in ruins lay—
Life was but memory;
A hundred years had passed away,
And filled was the decree.

KATE A. BRADLEY.

Couldn't Be More So.

Miss Emeline—And so Caroline is engaged, eh! Is she going to marry rank?

Miss Angelina—Yes, very rank—a Duke, I believe.



FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wondering step to this one end—
That one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.
And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face
And yet with wistful eyes they never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days.
And dis unsatisfied. And this is fate!

* * *

With departing Yuletide the average stomach is gradually regaining its normal condition and very soon will be seeking further troubles. Just about this time the average citizen will keep a weather eye open for the "same-to-you" individual who offers up his annual vows at this dyspeptic season of the year. His last vow at the altar of Bacchus will be paid on Tuesday next—and cheerfully and secretly renewed a couple of days later.

* * *

There are, and have been, many interesting residences in Toronto which have received special mention of late in the local papers, but, to my thinking, one of the most interesting is one which is seldom or never mentioned, and that is the old Cawthra residence, now the Molsons Bank, at the corner of Bay and King.

* * *

This house may have been a trifle dull on the first day of the week, but such a drawback must have been amply redeemed on each of the succeeding six. What crowds upon crowds of promenading humanity have passed before its windows during the past thirty years! Could the old house but speak, how eagerly, yet, with a dash of sadness, should we listen to its gossip of the past, for how many of those whose bright smiles and winsome looks have lent an ineffable charm to these prosaic surroundings, have passed to the unknown land.

* * *

Let us imagine ourselves as standing at one of those windows twenty years ago and see the old street gay with the faces and forms of an almost departed generation. That pleasant looking man with the tall hat who accosts and is accosted a dozen times in as many yards looks the happy head of a well ordered household and a well stocked nursery. As a matter of fact, he is, however, a confirmed bachelor, and the head of a wealthy firm of King street grocers, and when some fifteen or sixteen years later he is borne to his last sleeping place men will speak of him as the soul of large-heartedness and good will towards his fellows.

* * *

Look further down the street and you will hardly fail to notice that tall, soldierly-looking man with the heavy blonde moustache and a dragoon swagger which has not yet degenerated into the half-pay shamble of old age. That is Tom —— of the —— Hussars, who two years ago had fourteen chargers in the stables and unlimited funds at his command when the regiment left England on active service. In a few short years—oh, how few—that fine soldierly-looking fellow will wander a miserable outcast in the streets of Montreal, shunned of men, with the plague mark upon him and one dark night a body will be rudely pitched into a pine box at the Smallpox Hospital, and few will know that the dead man was once the light-hearted, kindly Tom —— of the —th Lancers and the —th Hussars.

* * *

Others there are in that passing throng of interest to you, reader, as well as myself. Look once more and take note of that dark-haired, intelligent lad who walks by the side of that sweet girlish figure. Life apparently has little trouble in store for him. Alas! in little more than one decade his lifeless body will be found in the outskirts of the city in which he was born and every link in the surrounding chain of evidence will unmistakably point to self-murder.

* * *

And one is there on the south side of the street who looks the *beau ideal* of a dashing Hussar (for these were the days when the jingling spur and the bright sabre-tache of the Imperial service were here). See how jauntily he carries himself! Watch the careless but graceful sling with which he edges through the crowd! and look! mark his bow! Remember the quick glance he shot yonder and the sweet, winning smile that showed his white teeth, and, looking, be assured that some fair heart is none the easier for that glance. And what of him to-day? His bones have rotted years ago on Isandula's disastrous field in the Zulu war, whither he had volunteered for active service, and to-day the roar of the lion awakens the echoes around the last sleeping-place of the once jaunty King street promenader.

* * *

Aye! the old house could tell an interesting story of the bygone faces of Toronto, and perhaps at some future date I may be tempted to enlarge on this subject, but, for the present, my readers are mercifully spared.

* * *

The Christmas distribution by the St. George's Society shows that this organization is still in the van of good deeds amongst the poorer members of the community. Very busy indeed were the stewards and committeemen from ten to four o'clock last Saturday. On one side might be seen the spare figure of the Bystander handing nut brown loaves into the baskets and packages of candies and tea into the pockets of grateful recipients of the bounty of St. George. At another table H. V. Greene, H. Symons and D. T. Symons had deserted the law for prime cuts and sirloin steaks which were handled in a fashion that would not have done discredit to the hirelings of the East Market Square. Jolly old Mr. Allworth supplied the widow and the orphan with lightning rapidity and thanked Heaven audibly that England has still one statesman left. At another table Virtue had its own reward in the satisfaction born of seeing England's sons assisting England's poor. Golden L. Walker purred his satisfaction when a hard day's work showed that close upon 3000 people had been provided with Christmas cheer. President Spooner and his aides, Stockwell and Plews, worked like Trojans, and were not sorry to know that their efforts had been crowned with complete success. Past Pres. R. W. Elliot, Past Vice Pres. James Lugsdin and Committeeman Charles Spanner were on deck, doing yeoman service in the good work, and last, though not least, worthy Mr. Pell, full of the milk of human kindness, was in his element—helping the needy—and, in consequence was perfectly happy. I was glad to see that when the tickets had been duly honored, the balance of the meat and bread was given to all comers irrespective of nationality.

* * *

Esperance (Miss Alice Maud Ardagh), who is well known as a writer of charming verse, publishes this week, Tangled Ends, the title of a work containing two stories—A Piece of Tannen, and Dora. The former is the stronger work of the two; both have a sombre coloring. In fact, sadness and suffering have left their impress on almost every page. In the former story, Eleanor is a fascinating creation, and I could only wish hers had been a happier lot, did not Experience and Esperance show that such natures know but little happiness in matters of the heart. As for her lover, Eric—well, my readers must get the book and judge for themselves. Tangled Ends is for sale at the Toronto News Company. ST. GEORGE.

The Crowd on the Stairs.

Tune—Mush, Mush.

I have visited quite a few parties,
And similar other affairs,
But I never have seen any changes,
There is always a crowd on the stairs.

The bashful ones slip from their partners,
And think to escape all their cares
By making a break for the hallway
And joining the crowd on the stairs.

If you want a nice chat with your darling
And out to the hall you repair,
You'll have to go back to the parlor,
For there's always a crowd on the stair.

Suppose that you want to retire
To fix up your tie or your hair,
You must fight your way right thro' this gath'ring
That makes up the crowd on the stair.

If they happen to start up Postoffice,
I pity the unlucky pairs
Who have to do all of their kissing
In view of the crowd on the stairs.

The next time you go to a party,
Remember my words and prepare
To notice, as midnight approaches,
That there's always a crowd on the stair.

Now, the moral I want you to gather—
The moral this simple song bears,
Is, if you can help it, why, never
Be one of the crowd on the stairs. X.1761

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

S. M. (Toronto).—(1) "Kindly tell me what to do for an ivy the leaves of which are falling off? (2) Is it correct to shake hands with a lady on being introduced in your own house?" (1) Is the ivy outside the house or inside? (2) It is quite correct to do so.

A. B. C. (Toronto).—"Please state through your paper where, in wishing to start the study of Law, is the proper place to get information as to primary examination, etc." Write Mr. Esten, Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Carmen (Oakville).—(1) The opal is a precious stone consisting principally of silica, with a small admixture of alumina. It is much valued from the beautiful play of colors it exhibits, caused by an infinite number of minute pores or fissures existing in its mass. (2) The lynx-sapphire is a name given by jewelers to dark-gray or green-blue varieties of sapphire and iolite. (3) The chewing of gum will stamp you at once. (4) The best thing for teeth is cold water and a tooth brush.

A Yonge Street Milliner asks for the derivation of the word "milliner," The generally accepted theory has been heretofore that "millinery" is a word derived from Milan, the city where such goods were formerly made in the greatest perfection. A recent authority, however, declares, emphatically, that milliner, or millener, as it was formerly spelled, is a word derived from the Latin *mille*, meaning a thousand, and as the "milliner" of former days sold the thousand-and-one requisites for the toilet, as well as bonnets and other head-gear, she was for this reason so called. Her successor of to-day confines herself to head-gear only, but the old name still remains.

Antoine (Montreal).—1. November 26, 1844, fell on a Thursday. 2. Political questions have no place in this column for almost obvious reasons. 3. The Life and Mission of St. Patrick is a learned and valuable work, which, since you are interested in the history of that saint, will furnish you with all obtainable information concerning him.

F. M. B. (Hamilton).—You will find the recipes named in Lola Montez' Secrets of the Toilet.

Cora (Barrie).—Press out the blackheads between the finger nails and bathe your face daily with bay rum or diluted alcohol; but the best of all is to bath often and take lots of exercise.

Louise (City).—Freckles which remain on the face throughout the winter cannot be removed. They are there to stay. But, surely this need not trouble you. There are many who very properly think a few freckles give expression to the face.

Viola (Newtonbrook).—If you only knew how many locks of hair are weekly sent in to this office you would readily understand why this column never gives an opinion on them. Useful information we are only too pleased to afford whenever we have it to give, nor do we think it foolish or unnatural for girls to seek to improve their looks within certain limits. But this sending of prettily arranged locks of hair tied with a blue or red ribbon is behind the times, and is but the simple outcome of childish vanity on the part of the sender.

American Wives Abroad.

The frequency with which Englishmen of distinction select their domestic partners from the United States may well set people asking what is it that causes the occurrence. The fact that Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir William Harcourt, M. Clemenceau, the Duke of Marlborough and the successor of Count Moltke in the important military post with which his great name is associated have married American ladies may tempt philosophic inquirers to go in search of a true and efficient cause of the occurrence, now brought still more into prominence by the marriage of Mr. Chamberlain. If we are to imitate them we might find a certain number of plausible explanations; but, at the end of the exercise of our best ingenuity we should have to confess ourselves puzzled.

That there are a number of American young ladies who are most attractive and charming will readily be admitted; but without posturing as outrageous patriots in this respect, we are disposed to think the English girls can hold their own against even their fair American cousins in the matter of good looks, and decidedly outstrip them in the qualities which most Englishmen regard as engaging and irresistible. The ideal of the States is notoriously not quite the same as that which for the most part prevails in this country, and we suspect it would be found, on searching and impartial investigation, that the American standard is less of what is usually meant by an ideal than the English standard. In other words, it is, like the Americans themselves, more practical. Just as, for the most part, they educate their children not so much with the object of making them fine scholars and cultured gentlemen as of making them capable and successful citizens, so, probably, they aim, even unconsciously, at preparing girls not so much for a bright passage of romance as for the long and unromantic business of life. At the back of the head, as the phrase is, of most English girls is the idea that Lancelot or Prince Charming, or some equivalent of those agreeable and seductive personages, is living somewhere in the world; that it would be delightful to meet him; and that, conceivably, that happy fate is reserved for them in particular. In a word, English girls are what is called romantic, and American girls, if romantic, are so in a less degree. Like the rest of their race, they are educated to understand and be in harmony with the hard and somewhat cynical conditions of their life. They have less nonsense about them than English girls. They are sensible women of the world, knowing all about it, not easily deluded, and quite equal to the task of confronting existence in all its various phases.

Hence they enjoy considerable success in society, even on this side of the ocean. Society does not ask for a romantic disposition, for refinement or delicacy of temperament, but, on the contrary, for practical good sense, for a certain business like quality and for those gifts which enable people to succeed in dealing with their fellow-creatures. It is often remarked that American women push their way where English women, possessed of the greater personal advantages, would fail. The reason is that the former understand the conditions of success better and accommodate themselves to them. They are not the women that stir the passions or inspire the song of poets; nor will they go down to posterity as heroines or charmers. But they have their day. They succeed in London drawing-rooms as their brothers succeed in dry goods stores in New York, and for much the same reason. We have no doubt they make excellent wives to men who live in the glare of society, and prefer a clever, capable associate to a tender domestic companion.

Handwriting and Character.

Almost all people do in a more or less conscious way draw some conclusions as to the education and position of the various writers from the handwritings which come before them. To do so is almost as instinctive as to form some kind of an opinion of a man from his face and look. We all con over his writing to judge what an unknown correspondent is like.

Some points of character do beyond doubt at once betray themselves in a man's or a woman's handwriting. The neat, accurate, methodical person stands, on the one hand, confessed in his writing, and so, too, does the reckless, unmethodical, careless. Yet even here there are exceptions.

Thirty years since a woman's writing could hardly ever be mistaken for a man's, the two were absolutely distinct; now, though there are always such subtle differences, it is often difficult to tell them apart. This approximation is partly due to the fact that what used to be called Italian handwriting with its angles instead of curves, has gone out of fashion for ladies; partly it has resulted from that general movement towards approximation between the sexes in all matters of education which has been so marked a feature of our time.

The characteristic, however, which most surely expresses itself in handwriting is individuality. A remarkable man or woman—one who has as we say, a distinct personality—hardly ever writes a quite commonplace hand, and conversely a very distinctive handwriting is generally an index to something distinctive in the character. This quality in handwriting is that which strikes us most forcibly at first sight. We involuntarily say to ourselves "There must be something in a man or woman who can write a hand like that."

In the second place, firmness and decision on the one hand, nervousness and self-distrust on the other, come out pretty clearly in the character of a person's writing. A good bold hand is not generally a meaningless expression. Free, firm strokes do, as a rule, represent firmness in character. There are no doubt also eccentric handwritings, but they by no means necessarily impress us with this sense of personality; nor, again, does eccentricity of character at all certainly betray itself in eccentricity of handwriting. If what has been here said be true it throws further light on the reasonableness of the value we attach to the study of the handwriting of great and distinguished men. Their handwriting does form a part, and a striking part of their individuality, and we know them better by the study of it.

We must remember, too, that there is always one great safeguard against the forger's art. Though he may reproduce ever so exactly the letters themselves he cannot reproduce equally exactly the manner of writing them. A letter copied painfully and carefully has never quite the same look which a letter has formed rapidly and carelessly, however exact the copy may be. The minute difference will, no doubt, escape any but the trained eye; by the trained eye it will hardly fail to be detected, and all the more if only there is a considerable bulk of written matter on which the decision rests. In such cases forgery will very rarely escape detection by experts, and here, at any rate, it will be safe to trust to their judgment.

Handsome "Bob" Mantell.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE NOTED ACTOR WHO WILL PRODUCE MONBARS AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK.

Robert Bruce Mantell is, as his full name most pointedly implies, a Scotchman and was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, four and thirty years ago. He is a member of a well known and influential family and is an actor only by inclination, as he owns a large amount of property in Glasgow and Belfast, from which he draws a handsome income, thus being quite independent of the profession he has chosen and followed with such ardor and success. Although born in the land of the oatmeal and thistle, Mr. Mantell was brought up in Belfast, where his family moved when he was a boy, and it was in that Irish city that he made his first appearance on the amateur stage, essaying the part of De Mauprat in Richelieu, and with a success that induced him to turn his attention seriously to the tread-mill struggle which all youthful Thespians must face before they begin to strike the up grade that leads to fortune. As a professional, his first appearance was made in 1873, at Rochdale, a little town just outside of Manchester, England, in the support of George Clark, now of the Daly company, but at that time a star. The play was Arrah-na Pogue, and Mantell played the Sergeant. He came to this country the following year to join the Boston museum forces, but failing to obtain a hearing returned to England where he knocked about again, working like a dray horse over the stony paths of the profession, and hoarding up experience of the kind only to be found along the route of the barn-storming companies that tour Great Britain and the sister island, but often having engagements with noted stars. In 1878 he again came to the United States as the juvenile lead of Modjeska's company, and his first performance in America may be said to have taken place when the steamer (the Erin of the National line) was still a day out from New York. The run had been a rough and stormy one, so much so that the usual entertainment for the benefit of the Sailors' orphanage, in Liverpool, had been postponed until the last evening, and even then there was a sea running which made the main saloon about as wavering a playhouse as an audience ever sat it. Jeffreys Lewis was also on board, and the principal item on the programme was the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet, with Miss Lewis as the heroine and Mantell as the hero of that celebrated moonlight spoon.

The Erin's carpenter knocked together something that answered for "a balcony" over which Juliet could gracefully lean while she listened to Romeo's impassioned eloquence, but the cross sea, causing the good ship to roll to a most undignified angle, the fair Capulet had all she could do to hold on, while Romeo declared his love with one arm tightly clasped around a post. At the close of the season he returned to England and accepted an offer from Miss Wallis, a then famous English tragedienne, with whom he played Orlando, Charles Surface, and other similar parts, and then for a time he acted Richard III., Macbeth, Othello and other tragic roles. Though hardly out of his first youth he was highly successful in these impersonations, and while doing this laborious service he made the acquaintance of Dion Boucicault, whose company he joined. When that veteran dramatist returned to America he recommended Mantell to the New York managers, and John Stetson engaged him. The engagement fell through, however, and the young actor cast his fortunes with Messrs. Brooks and Dickson, who were then in want of a leading man to create the principal part in Romany Rye. After a tour in this play he was engaged by Fanny Davenport for Loris Ipanoff in Fedora, which he played for two seasons with brilliant success. After that he was starred in Called Back and as Raymond Garth in Tangled Lives, but being anxious to appear in a role that required a wider and more pronounced display of ability, he added D'Ennery's famous drama, Monbars, to his repertoire, and his success in this beautiful play has been most pronounced. He has also added Othello to his repertoire, and a few weeks ago he produced The Corsican Brothers in Philadelphia and made another great hit. The production of this play was a new venture, and so successful was it that it was impossible to accommodate the crowds that flocked to see it, and nightly people had to be turned away, being unable to find seats or even standing room.

Personally Mr. Mantell is a charming companion, polished in manner, well educated, *au fait* on all questions of the hour, and with a harvest of good stories, reaped on both sides of the Atlantic during his fifteen years' experience in the sock and buskin, can entertain and amuse his hosts of friends in a manner as charming as it is unique. His Scotch stories are famous throughout the country, and to hear him recite a poem or sing a song is a genuine treat.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

GORE—On December 17, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Gore—a son.

ELLIS—On December 21, at Toronto, Mrs. P. W. Ellis—a son.

WILSON—On December 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Joseph Wilson—a son.

COSBY—On December 22, at Toronto, Mrs. A. M. Cosby—a daughter.

GORRIE—On December 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander M. Gorrie—a son.

Marriages.

ANGUS—McDOUGALL—On December 19, at Agincourt, George Angus of Agincourt to Katie McDougall.

DUNCAN—WRIGHT—On December 12, at St. Lambert, Que., George L. Duncan to Annie Wright of Montreal.

FESSENDEN—LAND—On December 19, at Niagara Falls, N. Y., C. R. Trenholme Fessenden of Chippawa, Ont., to Daisy Kate Land of Niagara Falls South.

LINDSAY—CORRY—On December 19, at Perth, James Lindsay of Montreal to Isabella Maria Corry.

McCANNEL—ROBERTSON—On December 19, at Milton, John Sinclair McCannel of Montreal to Mary Charlotte Robertson of Milton.

MASON—WALTON—On December 19, at Agincourt, William Mason to Mary Walton, all of Scarboro'.

Deaths.

DEVER—On December 22, at Toronto, Charlotte Beulah Dever, aged 1 year.

FORD—On December 18, at Phillipsburg, Que., Launson Ford, aged 90 years.

GUINANE—On December 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Guinane, aged 66 years.

KERR—On December 23, at Toronto, Jenny M. Kerr, aged 7 years.

MARLATT—On December 22, at Oakville, Mrs. Aggie Waldie Marlatt, aged 26 years.

MORRIS—On December 16, at Township of Mara, William A. Morris, aged 63 years.

MUSTARD—On December 2, at Dundee, Scotland, Mrs. Elizabeth Mustard, aged 69 years.

PARSONS—On December 18, at Ingersoll, Wm. N. Parsons, aged 79 years.

RUSSELL—On December 18, at Bothwell, William Eager Russell, aged 4 years.

REIMERS—On December 22, at Toronto, Minnie Reimers, aged 3 years.

RICHBY—On December 23, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary A. Richey, aged 63 years.

WORTH—On December 22, at Toronto, Mrs. Ann Porter Worth, aged 61 years.

FISHER—On December 23, at Concord, Elizabeth Fisher.

SCHOUTEN—After a short illness, Minnie Schouten.

DACK—On December 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Edward Dack, aged 67 years.

COLWELL—On December 25, at Toronto, Charlie Colwell, aged 4 years.

BROWN—On December 24, at Mornington, near Listowel, Mrs. M. H. Brown of Toronto.

ARNO—On December 23, at Toronto, Elizabeth Jane Arno, aged 44 years.

SCULLY—On December 25, at Toronto, Elizabeth Scully.

Paid for her Pleasure.

Mrs. Veneering—Really, my dear doctor, you must come to my ball. It's Lucy's coming-out affair, you know, and I shall take no refusal—none at all.

Dr. Byglee—Well, you see, dear madame, I am a very busy man. My time is not my own—

Mrs. Veneering—Say no more. Include the visit in your bill. There, I shall expect you. Good-by.

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

But at that voice and the sound of her own name she started wildly. At the same moment Islay looked round; the man at her side, and, grasping her hands with an almost painful pressure, which yet brought a glad flush to Guelda's cheeks and a lustre to her eyes, was exclaiming, in a suppressed voice of bewilderment, surprise, and sympathy.

"You! Do this mean, you? What has happened? Great Heavens, how pale you look and—and—changed! I've been nearly off my head, hoping to meet you for the last—I don't know how long!"

"Did you get my letter at Genoa?" asked Guelda, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"Of course I did! That brought me back. I jumped into the express train, left the yacht behind, and came straight to England; but I could not find you."

"Did you not write to the address I gave you? The woman at my lodgings promised to forward any letters. I had to move somewhere."

"I did write, and waited in vain; and I wrote ever so often," said Islay eagerly. "You had said in your postscript, 'Don't come, but write,' so I did not like to disobey you."

"There was no place—I could not well receive you there," murmured Guelda, rather passed, thinking of her mean attic under the roof.

"Well, I could stand it no longer, so I went straight to the house. The landlady was a fiend; I could have choked that woman, with her corkscrew curls and her ferret eyes. She would not tell me where you lived, but asked as many questions as a detective. So I offered her a sovereign to give me your address and end the matter, when, to my surprise, she turned upon me like a tiger, with no end of abuse for supposing she would be satisfied with that, or anything less than her full share of some reward."

"What!" exclaimed Guelda, suddenly trembling.

"It's just as I tell you," went on the unsuspecting duke, opening his honest gray eyes as in search of comprehension. "Of course I rose in my price but when she asked me had I put some advertisement in the papers, and I assured her on my honor I had not, she fairly drove me out of the house in a storm of passion. She called me a sneak, and she would go halves with no one. At last I was actually driven off the field, and could only go to Scotland Yard and see there if they could help me. What was it to the matter?"—for Guelda had turned very white, and was looking at him strangely.

"When did this interview take place?" she said, in a breathless voice.

The jeweler and his man had discreetly withdrawn themselves out of hearing, farther to the end of the great shop, on seeing that the Duke of Islay seemed so deeply interested in his conversation with this veiled mysterious lady. These two were thus practically alone, among the mirrors and cases of jewels that gleamed and flashed with soft radiance around.

"When did it happen? Why, a fortnight ago! At least, now I come to think of it, perhaps only a week—a week exactly. But the time has seemed to go so slowly."

"A week!" repeated Guelda mechanically, calculating rapidly in her own mind ("That woman would perhaps write about the advertisement, for her suspicions were evidently roused when Islay offered her money, or she had thought over it and regretted letting me escape. Her letter may have been delayed being forwarded, but still Lord Loudon must know by now I am in London. Ah! Heavens! what they—he and his doctors—may be awaiting me at the lodgings! Those were his men who followed me!") Clasping and unclasping her fingers in an anguish of trouble, Guelda exclaimed aloud at last, reverting to her first thought, "A week ago! Oh, what shall I do? He is certain to find me now! He is looking for me!"

"He? Who? Tell me, in Heaven's name, what you are afraid of!" entreated Islay, who was watching her in growing perplexity and apprehension.

His fears were not allayed by Guelda's hastily-uttered, almost incoherently wild words.

"I am afraid of this man—my new uncle, as he calls himself. He is persecuting me—I am hiding from him. Oh, Islay, you are my only friend left—my only hope! Save me from him—take me away—take me anywhere safe—quite safe—till I can tell you all about it! You know that I am not mad. You believe that, don't you? But he says I am crazed. He wants to force me into a private lunatic asylum, and has offered a reward for me as missing. I dare not go back to night. They may find me—they are searching now, I know! Oh, what shall I do?"

"Trust yourself to me—I will take care that no one shall harm you!" exclaimed Islay hotly, his honest face flushing. For a moment, in his bewilderment, he was half disposed to believe that poor Guelda was suffering from some hallucination—some over-excitement or disorder of brain.

"What shall I do? I must tell you all the story," the girl kept repeating blankly.

"Come with me—my brougham is waiting," uttered Islay impulsively. "Your pearls! Benjamin shall keep them safely till you tell him what you wish done about them."

And, issuing his directions with an air of imperious command very different from his accustomed simple manner, he hurried Guelda outside into his carriage. Then, as the servant waited for directions whither his master wished to be driven, the duke hesitated an instant; the next however he called out, "Home!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Guelda felt in a dream as she sat beside Islay in his carriage, and as she found herself once more entering Islay House in his company.

The powdered lackeys looked with still livelier surprise this time at Guelda as she entered, more shabbily dressed than even on her last visit, though now by their master's side; but in the Duke's presence their glances were obsequiously lowered.

Islay led Guelda to his own sitting-room—a most luxurious, Orientally furnished smoking sanctum. Guelda, looking round, felt that here comfort and luxury reigned supreme. Deep divans round the walls, well-filled bookcases, tables strewn with a delightful litter of newest works and pamphlets, open cigar-boxes, newspapers, and liqueur-stands met her eyes on all sides.

"Forgive my bringing you here; but this is the only room I have been sitting in since Grizel went away. I do not know if the servants are even open or not," said Islay, looking round apologetically with a disconsolate air. "If only Grizel were here! But she thinks I have found her mission in life, so one can say nothing against it." He ended with an abrupt sigh; then changing his tone to one of matter-of-fact care for his guest's wants, he continued, "Have you had any food lately? You look quite exhausted. At what o'clock do you dine?"

Guelda smiled faintly at the idea of her ever dining lately, in his acceptation of the term.

"I generally have something to eat at this hour," she said; but never mind food now! Please let me tell you——"

"I will do anything and everything you wish—that is, if I possess the power or means to do so," interrupted her host. "All I ask is that you should let me set about your business in my own way. The first thing for you to do now is to eat and drink; no one can fight against nature, I believe, for long; better give in to her to start with."

He rang the bell, and gave orders to the servant who appeared; then he desired the housekeeper to be sent to him.

"I am going to put you under her charge," he said, in a brotherly fashion, to Guelda, who sat by bewildered. "As Grizel is not here, she will take care of you while you stay here. What do I mean? Why, you can't go back to your lodgings, you must of course be protected by your friends! Lord Loudon will hardly let you out of my house." Islay drew himself up with a pride that was very rare in him; then he went on hurriedly, "As for me, I am leaving this for some rooms I have at—at Brighton, in an hour or so, if you will first allow me the pleasure of dining with you and hearing all you have to tell me. I will, of course, send you to-morrow at any hour you may be pleased to receive me."

"I am turning you out of your own house! Oh, Islay, that is it!" exclaimed Guelda, in self-reproach, mingled with hesitation. "You are too good; but I fear I ought not——"

"Where else can you go to? If you look on me and on Grizel as a brother and sister, as we hope you do, this is your natural home till you—till you have one of your own," answered Islay, with an unusual simplicity of tone.

His voice however died away with embarrassment at the last words. Plainly he did not quite know how to describe the tension on which Ronald Airlie and Guelda stood as regarded each other. The rich envied young Duke dreaded to ask; and, with all his frank bluffness of manner, he was so delicate-minded towards these two, whom he loved best of human beings, that no word on the subject had yet crossed his lips to Guelda, though they had met not only that day, but once before after Islay's return. The Duke had indeed said to Airlie, as seemed natural——

"Well, and Miss Seaton—what news of her?"

"I will tell you all about that some other day; don't ask me now," Airlie answered gloomily, with a hasty air.

He was making hurried preparations at the time; but, from his evident dejection, his friend guessed something was amiss. "Want of money, no doubt," he said to himself; "and I, who have more than I know what to do with——"

However, Islay had at least settled in his own mind that Guelda must be housed under his roof. "And, if I show myself at Brighton, none of the gossip mongers will be able to wag their tongues though Grizel is away. They will know nothing about it," he concluded, with almost a cheerful satisfaction.

Guelda, for her part, though a little troubled at the arrangement, knew not what objection to offer. Where else indeed could she go? Her kind Islay, best of friends—she was loath to give him so much trouble; and yet how glad, how grateful she was to feel thus sheltered again!

So the grave Scotch housekeeper came who had been thirty years in the duke's household, to whom Islay explained as much as was necessary to account for Miss Seaton's visit during Lady Grizel's absence. And then Guelda was conducted upstairs to take off her hat and be installed in Lady Grizel's own room—"that was always kept prepared, for no one knew when her ladyship might be pleased to come back."

When she returned down stairs, with her glossy hair as beautiful as ever and her simple dress as carefully arranged as circumstances of the circumstances to do honor to her host, Islay's face brightened up.

"Ah, now you look more as if you were at home!" he exclaimed.

"I feel at home," smiled Guelda.

Followed by a fresh, the girl said nothing of her troubles until dinner had been finished. After all, why be uneasy and in haste when she had such a kind and powerful friend and brother? So Guelda thought, yielding to the influences of the moment, and enjoyed the exquisite little dishes, the hot-house flowers, the rare old wine that Islay, who desired to be brought up for her, to the utter confusion of mind of his major-domo. That wine! Not a bottle of it had been touched since the days of the Duke's father, and then it was offered only to royal guests. Guelda did not in in the least know how her best friend was striving to honor her.

But, when liqueurs and coffee had been brought and the servants had noiselessly vanished, Islay, with a breath of secret relief, though its gladness was like pain, led his fair guest back into his own sitting-room, and, enthroning her in the most luxurious of the many easy lounges, drew up a chair close by her side. Then, bending forward with his eyes fixed on her face, he prepared to listen with most earnest attention.

In simple but vivid language Guelda began to describe all that had happened before and after her grandfather's death. Her own conviction of the truth of her suspicions was so strong that her hearer from the first looked gravely startled. Then Guelda passed on to tell with quivering lips and brimming eyes of the letters that had been stopped, he own and Airlie's. Islay averted his gaze and bent his head; but he muttered, with smouldering wrath——

"The cur! If a man is mean enough to do that, he will do anything."

Poor Guelda had to force her voice to tell as steadily as she could of Ronald's visit—of how the man who called himself her uncle had insulted Airlie, and ordered him to leave.

"But surely you will be true to Ronald in spite of that or anything!" uttered Islay hotly, as who was Ronald's unsuccessful rival; and as he spoke he raised his head and looked straight at her.

"I will be true to him all my life," answered Guelda firmly. "But, for his own sake, I have told him I cannot marry him, and therefore shall never marry at all."

"But why not, in the name of pity—why not, Guelda—Miss Seaton?—I beg your pardon. My dear girl, what can be your reason?"

"Because I am penniless; my grandfather's will was never found. I am a poor relation, only too well what Grizel once said—that Ronald was one of those beings whose natural sphere seems that of good position and riches. He is, as it were, to the manner born. You cannot imagine him poor—open-handed and generous as he is—struggling to save every penny; you cannot fancy him married on an income that was never sufficient for himself, sacrificing all his pleasures, his coats becoming threadbare; and however dear I might be, I should feel it all, and know he was striving to hide from me that he felt a disappointed man."

"He must know if he loves you, he must see powers of mind that are wasted as a soldier. He would make his name in the House, I know, and get a brilliant position in Government—and then there is my interest," pleaded the duke.

"A man cannot rise when too heavily weighted; his career would be marred," remarked Guelda, in a sad, weary tone, implying that she had long since thought it all out.

"But he is one of my kin—my almost brother. If this is all which stops you both from being happy, for goodness' sake let him take from me what is no gift worth having—I mean what costs me nothing! Mere money I neither need nor care for," went on Islay, in urgent gentle persuasion, with a look and gesture as if he felt almost ashamed to offer such "dross."

"Money from you! Oh, no, no; he could not accept it! But what use is there in talking when there is war? And I saw in the paper that his regiment is ordered to Egypt," answered Guelda, a little wildly, half laughing and half crying.

"Would you not wish to see Ronald before he goes?" quickly asked Islay, struck with a sudden thought.

"Oh, no; I dare not. It would be too painful—don't ask me." The girl's voice shook, and Islay turned away his head to allow her to recover self-control.

"Will you not tell me the rest about this man—this Lord Loudon?" he said presently, in an altered tone.

So then he was told all the rest, all Guelda's growing fears and suspicions that had at last culminated in certainty.

"And so I know he is an impostor," she ended triumphantly, and looked at the Duke for confirmation.

Alas, Islay sat silent, staring hard at the Persian rugs that covered the floor! Then he turned his honest gray eyes on Guelda as he tried to smile apologetically; and she knew already what he was going to say.

"Oh, come, you know—an impostor! Isn't that rather far-fetched? he put in with hesitation. "That this man may be wrong in the will, and that he has certainly behaved in a most ungentlemanlike and tyrannical way, I do not doubt for a moment. But still to say that he is not Lord Loudon's son is—is——"

"It is the truth!" burst from Guelda's passionate lips. "Oh, Islay, remember what he is like! My grandfather was failing fast when this man came, his faculties were almost gone. And now my little brother is, I believe, robbed of his inheritance, and this man is trying to kill him, body and soul. In any case, Islay, his conduct to us is no imagination of mine; and you don't seem to understand that I am speaking sober truth." Oh, he was so maddeningly slow—so kind, but withal so dull of intellect! Guelda thought, and ground her foot on the floor. "He wants to decide on nothing!" she continued excitedly. "He is advertising for me, and following me, I tell you, to shut me up in an asylum—me, who am as sane as you are—me, whom he hates because I have found him out and am fighting for little Bertrand's cause! Oh, Islay, Islay, don't you see how I am driven? cried poor Guelda, with all her longpent emotion, her fears and pathos of sisterly love, her passionate sense of wrong and cruelty trembling in her voice, as, clasping her hands, almost unconscious of what she was doing, the beautiful girl slid from her chair, and, half kneeling, raised her streaming eyes to interest Islay's help. "You are my only hope, my only trust," she stammered beseechingly. "Don't forsake me; but, for the sake of the past, say you will——"

The words died on Guelda's lips, which remained parted. Her eyes were looking past the Duke, fixedly, to the door behind him, where, like a man turned to stone, with white stern face, stood Ronald Airlie.

A minute—nay, two—both had thus regarded each other. Then, even as Guelda rose wildly uttering his name and holding out both hands, Ronald started, as if waking, and, with one look of reproachful contempt, leaving the happy girl like a curse, he was gone. He flung himself out of Islay House, with the passions of love, anger and jealousy more bitter than death, struggling like demons in his soul.

"I will never see her again—never!" he breathed fiercely to himself between his set teeth.

In one short hour he would be leaving for Egypt—for the seat of war. What did it matter if a bullet now found its billet in his heart?

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Airlie's name was uttered by Guelda, Islay sauntered up also, but only to hear the outer hall door hastily closed.

"Ronald Airlie! Great heavens, what a mistake!" he exclaimed, in accents of the most genuine dismay. Then his glance fell on Guelda's crouching figure, her white face quivering with deepest distress. "Don't mind! It will do all right! I will explain," he stammered.

"Go to him—tell him!" the poor girl just articulated.

"I will, I—oh, heavens, it is too late!"—and Islay stood with drooping head, a picture of abject penitence. "I was going to see him to say good-bye before he started for Egypt to-morrow, and you had told me to bring you all—but it flashed later than I thought. He has always a latch key of this house to let himself in when he likes, so I thought I could surprise him—as if that was likely!—he must have rushed in to take leave of me."

"But you can follow him—you can find him? Explain everything!" implored Guelda, feeling almost overcome with unmerited shame.

"I will try my very best. Yes, yes; make your mind easy—it will be all right in an hour." And so, assuming a cheerful tone, Islay grasped his guest's hand with a hearty pressure, and hurried out to find Airlie, as he hoped.

Alas, it was in vain! Roland was not leaving with the rest of the regiment in the early morning, but had been despatched beforehand on special service; even while his friend sought him in barracks he was speeding from London—one more heavy heart would soon be far from England. Islay asked in his trouble when the troops embarked; he would go down too, and see the ship off, and so secure a parting word with Airlie.

No use! Airlie would have already sailed, he was told. A sudden call had arisen for his services. He himself had not known, any more than Islay, that he would be needed a week earlier than was at first anticipated; hence his hurried visit to Islay House to take farewell of his friend.

Letting himself in with his latch-key, as he was used to do, being always treated as one of the family, his astonished gaze had rested on Guelda—Guelda, his love, of whom he had last taken such a pained farewell in the autumn, when she had bidden him leave her for his own good. He had sworn then in his heart that, though he must needs do so for the present, he would return as soon as he could offer her a home. Visions of fighting his way upward, of some years of separation maybe, of wounds perhaps and surely heartache, but still of laurels and Guelda herself to be gained, had flitted before Ronald's eyes, even as Guelda had looked up at him under the dark Sheen yew-trees with her sweet, pleading face. Then, when he was hurrying from the sea side, I ween, when, in his soldier's heart, he was breathing a hasty prayer for her happiness and longing to see her again just for a moment—to, like he saw her! Alone in Islay's house, in his own room, having just dined in his sole company! For through the open door could he seen the table still bearing traces of that little feast for two which had given the duke a short lived taste of that happiness which he had so earnestly hoped for once in his honest heart, to have been. And she was on her knees to the lover she had rejected, weeping and looking up beseechingly at Islay!

"Oh, merciful powers, what can he have thought of it?" groaned good Islay to himself, turning hot at the recollection. Ronald would be generous enough to think no ill of Guelda, nay, die—before he would utter one word of reproach. Yet from the haste with which he had rushed out, not waiting what might be the last farewell on earth to his more than brother and the girl he so passionately loved, evidently he believed Islay's house Islay was his successful rival, that Guelda's affections, or at least her wishes, had been easily changed.

Islay thought he could guess all the workings of Ronald's mind, and tormented himself thinking it over; yet he always ended with the comforting assurance——

"I will write to Ronald. He will know it's all right by the time he lands."

But Ronald never knew—indeed little anyone imagined the stormy passion, the anguish of jealousy and reproach against those he loved, that made Airlie's heart a battle-field from the time he saw England's shores fade away till the first view of Egyptian soil and the town of Alexandria loomed over the dark blue waters. With stern eagerness Ronald hailed the prospect of those nearing bloodier battle-fields that yet could not be more deadly to all he prized, in which he should forget a while this inner strife that was killing his belief in all things that made life worth living—in friendship, honor, and a good woman's love.

Meanwhile, Islay came with slow steps to see Guelda the next day, and tried to console her, as he had tried to console himself, with the hope that a letter would yet make all things right.

"As right as they can be—yes. You are very good, and I thank you with all my heart," murmured poor Guelda, with a faint smile, feeling she must do her best to show gratitude to this kind, true man. And yet to have been seen thus in his company by Ronald, uttering wild words of pleading which Ronald could not have understood—it was terrible! As she tossed on her bed wide awake through the night hours, the blood had rushed, flamed up in Guelda's face, and she buried it in the darkness in her pillow, again and again asking herself, "What must he have thought?"

Poor Islay! Ronald is, as usual, "in the wrong" and Islay, as usual, "in the right!" Perhaps he was also wrong about Guelda. So, brooding over his thoughts, he grew slowly almost persuaded.

Before the next day was fully gone no shadow of doubt remained on his mind. For, having now sent the detective whom he had already fruitlessly employed to find Guelda, down to her lodgings to make inquiries, he was horrified to hear that three gentlemen, who called themselves "friends of Miss Seaton," had been there on the evening before. They had waited till nearly midnight, and only went away after bidding the landlady let them know the moment she came home, or any time later, if the young lady had returned. The woman, a good Samaritan, mistaking the Duke's messenger, had told him to tell his master that she was on the look-out for the poor dear, to persuade her to return peacefully with the kind friends from whom she had run away, but added that she was sore afraid her young lodger had made away with herself. Plainly Guelda had escaped only in time during the evening of the fog.

"So my enemy is in London, and in active pursuit!" she said, with a courageous smile that surprised her protector. "Well, so much the better! Now for open war!"

When dangers or difficulties were close at hand to be fought with, Guelda's spirit always came. She said now in her quiet, almost gaily, as she set her lips tightly, while a bright determined gleam shone in her eyes, "I will overcome him if I have the strength and skill God had in granted me to fulfil this task; if not, at least I shall not fail for want of doing my best." But, with fears for Bino, hopeless longing thoughts of Ronald, Guelda's high heart failed at time and she became a weak woman, troubled by vague alarms, ready to start at shadows.

"You must let me take steps at once to stop this villain from further persecution. It is the more to fight him, now you have put the matter into my hands," said Islay with a kind gravity.

Then, his wrath growing gradually stronger and hotter as he brooded, he suddenly burst out, "I know what he wants with little Bino. He must go. He should have had more discretion."

LESSON III.—"Does the man shiver with the cold?"

"He does. He has no overcoat, and his clothes are thin. He also has a hungry look."

"Does he work? Does he work that he may buy himself some warm clothing?"

"Not hard work. If you know of a vacant treasurership or an office company paying about $5,000 a year, he would smile at the information."

LESSON IV.—"Is the grocer jawing with the man with a shovel on his shoulder?"

"No. The man with the shovel is calling the grocer a tyrant, monopolist and a grinder of the poor."

"But why?"

"Because the grocer has refused to trust him for a loaf of bread."

"What a shame! What a hard heart he must have! He must be a regular Shylock!"

"No, he is not. People call him benevolent. He knows that Bobby Burns's father has sat for two hours in a saloon playing dominoes and paying for the beer, and he says the saloon-keeper is the one who should trust him for bread."

"It is hard to want for bread."

"So is, but how curious it is that no one ever seems to want for beer. They always get that, no matter if they can't get bread."

LESSON V.—"Did the lady fall down?"

"She did.

"Did it hurt her any?"

"Lots."

"Then let us call a doctor and the ambulance."

"There is no need of that. She is hurt only in her feelings. Her fall revealed the fact that her new sacque was only linsey-wolsey and she can't forgive herself nor any one else. Keep away from her! She will be dangerous for the next two hours!"

The Lady Remembered.

In a town not very distant from here the ladies have organized a Shakspere Club. There are eight members in the society, and by way of diversity they give a high tea to eight favored gentlemen once a fortnight.

The other night Robert Elsmere was brought up for discussion. No one had read the book but each individual had seen fragmentary reviews and all felt annoyed for the discussion.

"Let me see," ventured Miss Wise, "who is the author of Robert Elsmere? I never can think."

"Nor I."

"I have forgotten—"

"So have I—"

"I never seem to remember a new author's name two minutes."

"Nor I."

"Here comes Mrs. Almons; she will know."

Mrs. Almons was the president—one of those self-sufficient people who know how to poise the head and look wise.

"Mrs. Almons is a walking cyclopedia," offered young Mr. Billings. "Pray, tell us, madame president, do, who wrote Robert Elsmere?"

"Why, Margaret Deland, of course," said the "walking cyclopedia," with prompt decision.

"O yes."

"O yes."

"O yes."

"Of course," echoes a fourth voice. "There have been three of these religious novels within a year, 'John Ward, Preacher,' written by——"

"Mrs. Humphrey Ward."

"They say she named John after her father," prompted Mr. Billings.

"O, how romantic."

"So English."

"Decidedly," continued Miss Wise, "and 'Love and Theology.' Who wrote that, Mrs. Almons? I never can remember."

"Mrs. Cardinal Woolsey," answered the president.

Then all fanned themselves and took a sip of tea, while Mr. Billings assured Miss Wise that he never knew a woman equal to Mrs. Almons to remember names.

On the Rack.

"You are looking bad this morning, John, last night you were——"

"On the racket."

"And this morning——"

"On the rack."

the horse in his brougham and hemmed, not knowing what to say. "The other mistook him, and exclaimed, in surprise——

"Why, you are surely never come about a deal?"

"I did not say I was; but why not—eh?"

"Well, I say, what a swell you look to be a dealer! I never should have thought it! You London fellows do cut us country ones out! Ha, ha, ha! I do a goodish bit in that line myself!"

"Look here—you're a good sort of a fellow, I can see," interrupted Islay, despising himself, yet resolved to do his utmost to gain admittance to this mysterious uncle of Guelda's. "It's a friend of Guelda's I want to see; plain; you can do what you like with him—eh?"

At that moment a flunkey approached and said to Islay impertinently:

"There's no use in waiting. His lordship, I know, won't see no one."

"Won't he? Gammon!" uttered the little Doctor, whose mercurial head was successfully tickled by the visitor. "He'll do it if I ask him. You come along with me!"

In another minute Islay stood face to face with Guelda's persecutor.

(To be Continued.)

The New First Reader.

LESSON I.—"Is the man angry?"

"Yes, very angry."

"Hear how loud he talks, and see how fiercely he gesticulates! Has someone robbed or maltreated him?"

"Let us approach him and inquire. Ah! we have it now. He says he was simply practicing on the speech he is shortly to deliver before the Personal Liberty Society!"

"Has he been deprived of his liberties?"

"He has. In former days he could sit in front of an open saloon all day Sunday. Now he has to go in by the back door and stay secluded."

"And it grinds his soul?"

"It does. He believes that our fathers fought, bled and died that he might do as he blamed pleased on Sundays, and hence he has joined a liberty league and proposes to wade in gore or have his rights."

LESSON II.—"Here is another man who seems to be in a towering rage. Have his liberties also been threatened?"

"Alas! they have, and he says he will die in the last ditch."

"Who has dared to menace his sacred rights?"

"The police. A patrol constable found him in an alley, with a bunch of skeleton keys in one hand and a burglar's jimmy in the other, and asked if he wouldn't please walk down to headquarters and explain whether he was looking for rats or getting ready to mark goods for a quarter off sale."

"And he will?"

"Yes, but he said he would make it hot for the constable. He explained to the chief that he used the jimmy to crack railroad wedges, and that the keys belonged to his oat bin up once, and thus cleared himself."

"And will the constable have to go?"

"Of course. Personal liberty is a sacred thing to monkey with."

"Poor man! Why doesn't he look in the rogues gallery and see if the man's photograph is not there?"

"He has, and he found it, but the citizen will bring his two brothers-in-law to prove that it got there by mistake for Jew Bill's photo. He must go. He should have had more discretion."

LESSON III.—"Does the man shiver with the cold?"

"He does. He has no overcoat, and his clothes are thin. He also has a hungry look."

"Does he work that he may buy himself some warm clothing?"

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WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

HAZEL'S TRIAL.

The duchess went directly to Hazel.

"My dear child, how glad I am that my son brought you to me," she said, with great kindness, and sitting beside her, she gently took one of the girl's hot hands in hers. "Take off your hat and jacket, dear, and presently you shall go and lie down; you look worn out."

The words were tender, the tone sympathetic, the gentle gray eyes full of compassion, and such Christian charity to a friendless, persecuted girl, who was almost a stranger, was too much for the overwrought nerves and aching heart, and Hazel bowed her head upon the good woman's shoulder, in a passionate burst of weeping, and clung to her as she would have clung to a loving mother in her hour of need.

She wept until she had strength to weep no more, the duchess clasping her in a sympathetic embrace and trying, in a low, gentle tone, to comfort her.

"How good you are to me, who have no claim upon you!" Hazel said at last, as she looked up with a wan smile into the noble face bending over her.

"I am very, very sorry for you, my child," said her grace, searching those tear-laden, beautiful eyes, earnestly; "will you not open your whole heart to me and tell me all about this trouble?"

"Mrs. Stewart is your friend," Hazel said, sensitively shrinking from saying anything to reflect upon one with whom the duchess had been so intimate.

She arose many degrees in the estimation of her grace just on account of that simple remark.

"True," she said, kindly; "you need not deter you from giving me the facts of the case." And Hazel, won by her sweetness, related all that we already know.

"Do you think I will have to lose my necklace, your grace?" she asked, when she had told her all, and looking fearlessly into the woman's grave, earnest eyes. "It is not alone for the value of it that I care so much," she added, thoughtfully, "but because it belonged to my mother, and is the only link that binds me to the past, and will help to prove my identity. Do you think the court will give it to Mrs. Stewart?" she concluded, anxiously.

The duchess did not know how to answer her.

She had come to her, pitying her, but firmly believing in her guilt, and now she was staggered by these innocent questions, by the frank, clear, blue eyes that gazed so earnestly into hers and by her free, unembarrassed manner.

"We must wait and see, dear," was all that she could say in reply to her queries. "I feel very sure, however, that Mrs. Stewart would not wish to keep it if she thought it did not rightfully belong to her."

"No, of course not," Hazel returned, with a sigh, "but it is exactly like hers, and neither of them was marked, so I do not see how it can ever be proved that it is mine. I shall be very, very unhappy to lose it; but the worst of all will be to have everybody believe that I have been dishonest."

"She is either innocent as a little child, or she is the most hardened and consummate actress," thought the duchess, as she studied the sweet, tear-stained face beside her. "You say that you had it in your hands looking at it when Helena came upstairs to get her sister's wrap!" she remarked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, your grace, and I hastily slipped it back into my trunk before unlocking my door, because I did not wish her, or any one, to know that I had it."

"Why were you so anxious to conceal the fact?" the duchess asked, regarding her curiously.

"One reason is that I was afraid I might be robbed of it, if it should be known I carried anything so valuable in my trunk; and then, I knew," she added, with a slight flush, though her glance did not waver, "it would be thought strange that I, a poor girl, should have anything so costly in my possession."

"Did Miss Stewart enter your room?"

"Yes, she stepped just inside the door, where she remained standing while I went to get Belle's wrap.'

"You did not lock your trunk before admitting her?"

"No, I simply dropped the lid."

The duchess looked thoughtful. This young girl was so frank, so perfectly honest, to all appearance, that her suspicions regarding her were greatly shaken. Then she remembered, with a thrill of pain, what her grandson had said regarding his conviction that Helena would not hesitate to wrong this young girl to gratify a spirit of revenge. Was it possible that she had opened Hazel's trunk last night while she was for a moment alone in her room, and then plotted to ruin her for some reason known only to herself? Had she done it—good heavens—because she had discovered Lord Nelson's love for her, and had taken this way to kill it—by robbing Hazel of her character?

These thoughts, and many others, flashed with lightning-like rapidity through the duchess' brain; but she would not harbor them for a moment—they were too horrible, and so utterly at variance with her previous judgment of Helena's character. She felt almost like a traitor to her friends from the fact of these suspicions having originated in her mind.

Still she felt greatly disappointed both in Helena and Mrs. Stewart, on account of their treatment of Hazel; she could not but realize that they had been lacking in Christian charity, and even in common kindness and sympathy, to withhold protection from the friendless girl, and to turn her from her home, even though they believed she had sinned; it would have been far more creditable if they had helped her to find a home until the time of her trial, and sought to win her to repentance and confession by gentleness and kindness.

She resolved that she would keep Hazel with her until the end. She would watch her—study her, meanwhile, and she felt reasonably sure that she should be able to sift her thoroughly, and form a correct estimate of her character. Efficient counsel should be provided for her, and everything possible done to exonerate her from the stigma now resting upon her.

Hazel was given a pretty room overlooking the sea, and adjoining the duchess' own apartments, and her grace allowed her to make her self useful in many ways. Took the linen away, wrote for her, and filled many an hour with pleasure by her singing and playing. She was very skilful, too, with her needle, and wrought several articles of finery to grace the duchess' boudoir.

But she would not go out, except for a little exercise in the seclusion of the grounds; neither would she join the family at meal time. She was extremely sensitive regarding the stigma resting upon her, and she shrank from meeting any one whom she knew or who knew her, while it was almost impossible for Lord Nelson to get even a word with her in her self-imposed seclusion.

How anxiously the day of Hazel's trial was awaited. At last it arrived, but through the influence of her grace and Lord Nelson, it was to be almost a private examination, only those personally interested, besides the counsel for both sides and other officers of the court, being allowed to be present.

Hazel was very grateful for this. She was very calm and collected, too, during her examination, and told her story with perfect freedom and frankness, thus not only surprising the kind friends who were so interested for her, but making a most favorable impression upon the court.

"The necklace is mine!" she said, firmly, unfaltering, when she was asked why she claimed it. "It is the only birthright that I have and some one else must have the one belonging to Mrs. Stewart. I know there are two," she persisted, "for with my own fingers I fastened Mrs. Stewart's about her neck, and, not ten minutes later, I held my own in my hands."

No amount of cross-questioning availed to make her vary these statements in any particular.

When asked if there was any one living who could prove her assertions, she was obliged to confess that there was, but she was silent when requested to give the name of that person. This she had refused to do from the first, for several reasons, although both the duchess and Lord Nelson had pleaded with her many times to do so.

Percy was in Paris, studying, and she could not bear to call him back. She shrank, too, from having people know that she had been guilty of deception in connection with him; it might make them distrust her more in this case, while, worse than all, she feared she might become implicated with her in her great trouble. She meant to fight it out alone if she could; if her innocence were not established, she would appeal to him as a last resort.

Notwithstanding the favorable impression that she made upon the court, she could only be judged from the evidence presented. This, of course, told very much against her, and Lord Nelson was almost in despair as he realized how the matter must terminate.

"They will find you guilty," he said, when the court took a recess, his fine face full of anxiety.

"Yes, Miss Gay," her counsel added; "I do not see how it can be otherwise, since you refuse to produce the only witness who can save you."

"Do you think the case so discouraging?" she asked, deeply troubled. "I have told only the truth."

"That may be; I am convinced of that myself; but circumstances are all against you. You will not only lose the jewels which you value so much, but you will be convicted and imprisoned."

"It cannot be that they will do me such a wrong as that," Hazel replied, with white lips.

"But my dear," said the duchess, her heart aching for her, "They will have to judge you according to the evidence; it would not be just judgment if they did not. Why will you not send for this person who, you say, can prove your innocence? Is there," she asked, with sudden conviction, "anything connected with your past life and this person that you desire, to conceal? I beg that you will confide in me, my child."

Hazel flushed a brilliant scarlet.

"Yes," she reluctantly confessed, "there is something—nothing wrong, and only for the sake of some one else."

"You must think only of yourself now," interposed Lord Nelson, eagerly. "Oh, Hazel," he added, forgetting, in his anxiety, to be formal, "give me the name of this person and let me send for him—or her, whoever it may be. We can have the trial postponed for a little if you will only consent to save yourself."

"You are kind to me, and I have no one to care for me otherwise?" she asked, appealing to her counsel.

"I do not see the ghost of one," he returned. "The evidence, as every disinterested person must admit, is clearly against you."

"Hazel, tell me—tell me," pleaded Lord Nelson.

"I am afraid I shall have to," she said, thoughtfully.

"Who is it?" he asked, leaning eagerly toward her.

"Doctor Morton," she replied, with downcast eyes.

"Doctor Percy Morton?" he demanded, looking amazed.

"Yes."

"What can he possibly know about this matter? You never saw him until this summer, did you?"

"Oh, yes."

The duchess looked suspicious, and for the first time Lord Nelson began to doubt her; for, to all appearance, Hazel Gay and Percy Morton had met as strangers only a few weeks previous. There had been nothing in the manner of either to indicate that they had seen each other before coming to Brighton.

"This seems very strange," the duchess gravely observed.

Hazel glanced up at her, smiling faintly.

"I am afraid I have done wrong," she said, deprecatingly; "but—it was Dr. Morton's grandfather who saved me from that sinking vessel."

Both Lord Nelson and her grace regarded her with undisguised astonishment for a moment.

"Then you and Dr. Morton were brought up together?" his lordship at last said, in a constrained voice.

"Yes."

"My child, why have you not told this before?" questioned the duchess, reprovingly. "It would have saved us a world of trouble and anxiety. Why have you deceived us all—Mrs. Stewart also—regarding your relations to Dr. Morton—meeting him as a stranger, when, all your life, he has been almost a brother to you?"

Tears rushed to Hazel's eyes as she caught the note of displeasure in the tones of her friend.

"Because—I see now that it was wrong—because I was afraid people would think ill of him for letting me go out as a governess, when he was perfectly well able to take care of me," she humbly confessed.

"Well, I am not sure but that I do think ill of him for it," returned the duchess, with pretended severity, to conceal the intense relief she experienced over the simple explanation of what she had feared might greatly compromise her protege.

She was fully assured now of the entire innocence of Hazel, and her admiration was kindled anew for the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which she had experienced.

"Oh, grace, do not blame him," Hazel earnestly cried, "for the fault is entirely my own. His grandfather cared for me as long as he lived, and Percy took the tiresome necklace, which after his death. But my money—the five thousand dollars found in the belt around my waist—was all spent on my education; for they both insisted that I should have every advantage, and—after that I felt that I could not be a burden upon him. I had really no claim upon him, you know, although we were as you have said almost like brother and sister; and, though he wanted to make a home for me after I graduated, I could not accept it. I had made up my mind that it was right I should try to take care of myself and I insisted upon being a governess; I even engaged myself to Mrs. Stewart before telling him, and he was very much displeased with me for doing so."

The duchess smiled. She, with her womanly instinct, could read between the lines and began to conjecture why Hazel had been so sensitive about sharing Dr. Morton's home.

"When I met him here in Brighton, on the evening of Miss Stewart's accident," the young girl continued, "I was taken entirely by surprise, and my first thought was, 'people will blame and despise him if they learn that we were brought up together, and that he, with plenty of means, would allow me to work for my living.' I knew I could not explain it to everybody, it would be very awkward and uncomfortable, and so I begged him to let it remain a secret and meet me as a stranger. At first he flatly refused to do as I wished, and was very much put out that I should ask such a thing; but when I urged it he finally said I should have my own way. I have not felt right about it for some time and I did not know, then, that Percy would meet any one in Brighton. I thought he was simply down for a day or two and I did not imagine that that one act would result in a continual deception. I know it was not right, and I have felt sorry over it; but I can prove all this to you for I have all of Percy's letters, and you shall see every one," she concluded, turning to the duchess with charming frankness, and infinitely relieved to have all this mystery regarding Percy and herself at an end.

"Dear child, your simple word will always be to me sufficient proof of anything," her grace said, deeply touched and her heart entirely at rest now regarding the girl's purity and nobility of character.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN UNEXPECTED WITNESS APPEARS AT HAZEL'S FINAL TRIAL.

Hazel's counsel and Lord Nelson at once took measures to have the proceedings of the court stayed until the person who, she said, could prove her innocence, and whom she had at last consented to produce, could be summoned as a witness.

They would not reveal his identity, although the prosecuting attorney demanded it, and declared, upon their refusal, that the request was only a trick to gain time; but the judge decided that their petition should be granted, and the case was therefore adjourned for three weeks.

We will pass briefly over that time, during which Hazel continued to remain with the duchess, who now treated her with every mark of respect and confidence, and to whom the young girl endeared herself more and more.

Mrs. Stewart and Helena were highly incensed by the course her grace was pursuing, and manifested their displeasure by withdrawing themselves almost entirely from her society, and forbidding Belle to visit at her house while Hazel remained there.

It was by no means a pleasant sight for Mrs. Stewart to witness the attentions which Hazel received from both her grace and Lord Nelson—to see her riding daily in their carriage, for they insisted that now she should go out with them—visiting places of interest, and being treated, in every respect, like an honored guest.

It was plain to be seen, too, that Lord Nelson's heart was yielding its deepest homage to her; that he was oblivious of all other charms when in her society, while he never called upon the Stewarts now, unless to accompany his grandmother, who could not quite give up her friends in spite of the fact that she disapproved of their treatment of Hazel.

Hazel wrote immediately to Percy, telling him of the trouble she was in, the need of his return to prove her innocence, and naming the day appointed for another hearing of her case. But for some reason he did not get her letter as soon as he should, and he only arrived the day previous to her trial.

Hazel was in the library when he came, and Lord Nelson, who met him at the door, sent him, unannounced, directly to her.

She sprang up with a glad cry at his entrance and forgetting he took her into his arms and kissed her with great tenderness.

"My darling, what trouble you have been in! Why, why did you not telegraph for me at the very outset?" he asked, reproachfully. "I could have settled the matter at once, and it need never have come to trial at all."

Hazel gently released herself from his embrace, her face like the sky at sunrise, and he, strangely sensitive at being even so slightly repulsed by her, drew back, chilled and pained, believing that she shrank from personal contact with him.

A younger and less fearful lover would have more correctly interpreted her blushes and shyness.

"Because I could not bear to implicate you in any way; I had tied my own hands, in a measure, by the deception which I forced upon you in the first place; then, too, I did not like to recall you from your work, while I hoped the affair could be settled without troubling you," she answered.

"It seems to me that you were very willing to trouble strangers, Hazel, while you debar me from doing you the simplest service," Percy returned, with some bitterness.

Hazel flushed.

"I suppose you refer to the kindness of the duchess and Lord Nelson," she said. "They have been exceedingly kind, but I never should have thought of appealing to them; it was by the merest accident that Lord Hartwell discovered my trouble," and she explained it to him.

"You should have sent for me at once," Percy reiterated, with clouded brow.

"I see that now, and I am sorry I did not," Hazel answered, humbly, and ready to weep for having wounded him so.

"Well, now that I am here, we will soon make it all right," he responded, confidently. "I think we can settle the affair without any more publicity, and you shall have your necklace back also."

Later he sought Lord Nelson, and together they repaired to Crescent Villa to interview Mrs. Stewart upon the subject.

But Percy did not find it so easy to convince her of the truth of his statements as he had anticipated.

She firmly believed that the contested necklace was hers; it was, at all events, in her possession, and she did not intend to relinquish it without a desperate struggle.

Besides this, her jealousy and bitterness toward Hazel had been increased every day, since she had left her and had been so kindly received by the duchess, and she was in no mood to yield one inch of ground to her.

She expressed great surprise upon being told that Dr. Morton was the person to whom Hazel had referred as able to prove her innocence, and looked skeptical when he informed her that it was his grandfather, accompanied by his assistant and himself, who had rescued her and from that time until Hazel went to Madame Hawley's school they had been reared, as brother and sister, under the same roof.

She could not understand, she said, why they should have practiced any deception about the matter; why Hazel should not have told the fact, and why he should not have acknowledged it when he himself came to Brighton.

All this was explained to her, as it had been to others; but she pretended to regard it as a suspicious circumstance—perhaps she said it was even a trumped-up story to save Hazel from disgrace and secure property that did not belong to her. She affirmed, with some vindictiveness, that even if they would now renounce their claim to the necklace, which Percy, in a fit of desperation, at last offered to do, she should refuse to withdraw the case from court.

Percy and Lord Nelson finally took their leave, feeling considerably crest-fallen over the utter failure of their plans to settle the affair privately; but they hoped for a favorable verdict on the morrow, when the jury should hear Dr. Morton's story.

(To be Continued.)

A False Alarm.

A Chicago *Times* correspondent dropped in on us the other day for a brief visit, and after showing him our Washington hand-press, six varieties of job type and two whole bundles of print paper, we took him out for a survey of the town. The news had gone abroad that he was a Chicago detective, and it was laughable to note the effect upon our leading citizens. A dozen or more broke for the sage-brush, without stopping for clean shirts, and so many others cut off their whiskers or donned false ones that we walked the whole length of Apache avenue without meeting a man we could recognize at first glance.

While there is nothing mean about us, this is a feature we are going to work about twice a month on this town. It will keep the boys unsettled and anxious, and may be the means of converting some of them from the error of their ways. It's an awful good feeling to feel that you are the only man in a town of 3,000 people whose liver don't kick the breath out of him every time a stranger comes along and takes a second look at the bridge of your nose. *The Kicker.*

Mrs. Selby—Doctah, de chile dun gone swaller 'r pint ob ink.

Doctor—Hab yo' dun ennyding fo' de relief ob 'im?

Mrs. Selby—I'se dun made 'im eat free sheet ob blottin'-paper, doctah. Was dat rite?—*N. Y. Life.*

Who Said It Was?

Two Joneses lived next door to each other, and having to call on one of them, Brown of course went to the wrong house.

A crabbed servant answered the bell, and on Brown asking, "Is this Mr. John Jones?" she replied snappishly, as if she had been bothered with many such inquiries, "No, it ain't," and slammed the door in his face.

Brown walked on a hundred yards or so, when a bright thought struck him. He returned at once and rang the same bell again. Again the crabbed servant appeared.

"Who said it was?" asked Brown, triumphantly, and instantly walked away.

To the Point.

A boy sat in one of the small rooms of the Dufferin school on a wet day last week, trying to get his arithmetic lesson. His appearance was woe-begone in the extreme, and a teacher who knew him stopped as she was passing.

"Why, Frank," she said, in a tone of sympathy, "how does it happen that you are in here? What are you doing?"

"Mildewing," answered the boy, with a disgusted look at his damp surroundings.

Worse and Worse.

"Araminta, do you know I saw Richelieu come out of a saloon last evening?" queried Mehitable.

"No! it can't be—you're not in earnest?"

"Indeed I am;" then smilingly, "but it was an oyster saloon!"

"Great heavens! and here I've been at home alone every evening this week!"

And that's what made Mehitable smile maliciously.

Marriage a Success.

"How do you do, dear Mrs. Jones?"

"Mrs. Smith-Brown, if you please. I have been married twice since I saw you, but I use my second last husband's name as a prefix."

"A week later—"Mrs. Smith-Brown."

"Excuse me, Brown-White. I believe in progressive marriage. I will send you cards to my wedding reunion. Good-bye, dear."

Too Airy.

Teacher—Johnnie, please name the months.

"January, Febuairy, Marchuairy, Aprile Fool."

"Sit down there! March is rather airy, but not to that extent. Next."

Made His Brain Whirl.

Wiggins—You are looking quite pale, Aggy; don't you feel well?

Baboony—Naw; I had to leave me dinner just now. Left-handed man sat opposite me, ye know, and haw Jove! I believe this monstaw's motions have half mesmerized me."

A Festive Day.

"I suppose you always get plenty to eat around Thanksgiving?" said the minister.

"You bet I do," replied the tramp.

"And you are thankful to the Almighty for his goodness to you?"

"Naw; Thanksgivings can't hold a candle to election day. You have to beg things now, then the politicians just chucked it at you."

Erratic Briefs.

A dead level—A Kansas graveyard.
The cracksman's invective—Blast it!
Put up for a blind—A window shutter.
Motto for a cooper—Hoop it tub.
Comes up to the scratch—The unpopular candidate.
A stern necessity—A boat tiller.
A paste pot—Sham diamonds staked at poker.
Consumption's early stage—a hack.
The prize-fighter lives a sort of duel existence.
A sign-writer—The stenographer.
The snow line—It crosses the sidewalk at the division fence.
The dog-star—The bloodhound introduced in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A Great Truth.

Poet—You must excuse my chirography, for I am suffering so with writer's cramp that my hand is lame.

Editor—Yes, and your poetry sounds as though it had rheumatism in the feet.

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Sketches in a Court House, Upper Canada.

We give several interesting sketches, reproduced from a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, of the year 1855. The sketches are accompanied by the following letter-press, which cannot fail to be of interest to the people of Ontario, old or young:

The Division or County Courts were established some few years ago, for the trial of civil causes in which the amounts at issue do not exceed the sum of £25. They are presided over by a barrister, who is also chairman of the Quarter Sessions, and generally termed Judge; and who makes the circuit of the different townships, in which the courts are held about once in every two months. These courts have been found very successful in preventing the ill effects of litigation among the poorer settlers, as the cases are decided in a manner purely patriarchal: The judge hears the evidence on both sides of the question, and gives his judgment accordingly; and as this decision is guided more by justice than by the strict letter of the law, and the cost is very trifling, the parties generally return to their homes perfectly satisfied.

EXTERIOR OF COURT HOUSE.

A short time ago I accompanied a young barrister, who was about to plead a cause before one of these courts, in one of the remotest parts of the county of Simcoe. We set off one fine afternoon in a one-horse vehicle, technically termed a "buggy," and reached that evening a small hotel in the flourishing village of Keenansville, about five-and-twenty miles from the shores of Lake Simcoe, which said village consisted of a saw-mill, two log houses, a tavern and a store. Our host, a comical Irishman, who prided himself on being the founder of the village, after supplying us with a capital supper, provided us with beds, evidently intended for short people, causing us to coil up in a manner by no means agreeable. Next morning we set off, through a beautiful and tolerably well cleared country, for the court—a distance of about nine miles, over a road quite rough enough to sharpen our appetites sufficiently to enable us to enjoy a second breakfast with the judge, who had slept the night before at the house of the

INTERIOR OF COURT HOUSE.

clerk of the court, Mr. M'Manus, who rejoices in the possession of a capital farm and a portly and most hospitable wife. He had shortly before moved from the log shanty (shown in the sketch) in which the court was held, and in which he had lived since he first located himself in the woods with his axe some five-and-twenty years ago, to a substantial brick house, the pride of Mrs. M'Manus' heart. After breakfast we adjourned to the court-house, which was already filled with a crowd of plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, and spectators. The apartment in which the court was held had been the principal room in the old house, and had been divided along one side by a strong wooden bar to keep the crowd at a respectful distance from the judge and the bar. After several small cases had been satisfactorily disposed of, the one in which my learned friend had been retained came on, and, as the amount at stake was considerable, the judge availed himself of the power which he possesses of summoning a jury of five to take the responsibility of the decision off his shoulders.

THE JURY DELIBERATING.

The jury having stowed themselves in a corner of the room, the plaintiff, an artful fellow, commenced pleading his own cause; and after cross examination of witnesses and a little perjury, my friend replied in a most powerful speech, demolishing his adversary in a manner which established his fame in that region, as a lawyer and orator. When the case was closed, a difficulty presented itself in the fact of there being no room to which the jury could retire to consult upon their verdict. The judge, however, soon arranged this by telling the jury to betake themselves to some quiet spot out of doors, and charging them on their honor not to speak to any one until their return. The jury accordingly went out; and, after looking about them, they with one consent and wonderful foresight and sagacity betook themselves to the orchard, and squatted down under an apple-tree to combine mastication with argument. In about the time required to eat half a dozen apples a-piece, and to cram their pockets, they returned, and, as was fully expected, gave a verdict for the defendant; the crest-fallen plaintiff appying for a new trial, and vowing the next time he would not be beaten for want of a lawyer.

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Have concluded to retire from business, and will sell the whole of their immense stock, so well and favorably known,

By Auction each day at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Private Sales Every Morning

Commencing Monday, Nov. 5

And continuing until the whole stock is disposed of. Anticipate your Christmas and other wants. An opportunity of this kind is rarely offered. Purchasers can have goods held for them for one month by depositing 25 per cent. of amount of purchase. Every comfort provided for ladies attending our sales.

Remember the date, Monday November 5.

C. & J. ALLEN

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Odd and Quaint Chairs

Music Cabinets, &c.

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Great Christmas Sale

Large and Choice Assortment of Handkerchiefs

In Linen, Cambric and Silk at half price, for the holidays.

500 doz. Ladies' Fine Lawn Handkerchiefs, 50c. and 75c., just half price.

150 " " " Hem-Stitch and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, $1 to $2, just half price

Another lot of PURE PONGEE SILK Handkerchiefs at 15c. or three for 40c. Greatest drive in the trade.

FANCY PLUSH CASES

Ladies' Companions, Needle Cases, Cuff, Collar, Glove and Jewelry Cases in the latest designs

500 Beautiful, Washable and Unbreakable DOLLS

At 20c., half price.

Great Drives in Dress Goods

1,000 Dress Lengths in Black and Colored, 50 per cent. reduction.

Note—A good all wool Cashmere Dress, full length, $2.25.

" Scotch Tweed " " " 1.75.

Big Reductions in Mantles, Jackets, Wraps and Ulsters, also Plush and Sealette Jackets

H. S. MORISON & CO

218 YONGE STREET, COR. ALBERT

Society.

(Continued from Page One.)

was accompanied by her brother, Mr. G. Roden Kingsmill, appeared to take a great interest in the performance, and looked very pretty in dark green with cream trimmings.

Mr. Charles Ardagh of Barrie was in town spending the Christmas holidays with his cousin, Mr. C. A. Gifford.

Mayor Clarke's residence on Harbord street not being central enough, he and Mrs. Clarke have decided to receive their friends at the Mayor's office on New Year's Day. It is a good idea, and many will doubtless call upon him and his pleasant wife at the City Hall, who perhaps would not otherwise. It is a very thoughtful proposal and will prove a popular departure.

Mrs. Nina Dobbin of Montreal has been the guest of Miss Livingstone of Ontario street, for the past week.

Mr. A. F. Pirie of Montreal spent his Christmas in Toronto.

Personal.

Mr. A. E. Curren, who is taking a course of voice culture in New York, is spending his holidays with friends here.

Mrs. S. H. Bower of Brandon, Man., is visiting her friends at 180 College street, and purposes spending a few weeks with her relatives in Eastern Ontario.

Mr. W. Riley, lately on the staff of the Nottingham (Eng.) *Daily Express*, who recently came to Canada with Mr. Millman of Woodstock, is now residing in Toronto.

The Melnotte Amateur Dramatic Club will play the three-act drama Madelaine in Victoria Hall on the evening of the 11th of January. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children.

Mr. Ernest E. Thompson of New York, the well known animal painter and illustrator, is in Toronto visiting his numerous friends and relatives. While here he will be engaged in illustrating Prof. Ramsay Wright's new work.

Mr. Gus A. Kerker, the writer of the music for the Pearl of Pekin, and Mr. Walter Collier, the manager of the company, managed to pass a very pleasant and satisfactory visit here last week, and made many warm friends during their stay.

Mrs. Lydia Leavitt has returned to Toronto after a tour around the world. Mrs. Leavitt left San Francisco for Australia, where she remained some time. After leaving Australia she went to Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, across the Alps to Paris, from there to London, arriving in Toronto on Christmas. Mrs. Leavitt will publish a book of travels. She is at present stopping with her sister, Mrs. J. A. Young, 501 Spadina avenue.

A popular concert of great interest will be given on the evening of New Year's Day, when the following artists will take part: Miss Eva Hanson, pupil of Signor Luigi Caracciolo and gold medalist Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin; Miss F. Hanson, pianiste; Canada's lady whistler, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. J. Fax, Mr. W. E. Ramsay and Claxton's Orchestra. The concert will be popular in every sense, as the admission is twenty-five cents. Seats can be reserved free of charge at Claxton's music store. Such an array of talent should ensure a crowded audience.

An entertainment, starred with the promise of very superior talent, will be given in the hall of St. Michael's College on Thursday evening next, January 3, 1889. The commendable purpose of the concert—in aid of the Sunnyside Orphanage, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph—should in itself insure a crowded house. At this blessed season of the year, Charity is the frankincense of Christian hearts, and the good work that is being done by the self-sacrificing Sisters of St. Joseph is of the noblest type of Charity. The promoters of the concert have secured the services of Messrs. Schuch and Warde, Mde. Strauss, Miss Lizzie Higgins, Mrs. Goff and Mr. T. O'Hagan, M.A., the elocutionist.

A really distinct addition to Canadian literature has been made by Mr. T. A. Gregg, the editor of the *Evening News*, in his lengthy and admirably sustained poem, Caroline, a tale of French Canada, which appeared on the third page of the *News* last Monday. Lack of space compels me to decline a more extended notice at present. However, at a near date in the future I intend reviewing it more fully. In the meantime I only voice the sentiments of many whom I have spoken to on the subject when I express my regret that the author has sacrificed his own interests in his loyalty to the *News*. This poem should have been published in the "ribbon series" and put on the market before Christmas. I for one should have desired no more pleasing and enjoyable "remembrance" during this season of gift-making.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

There is so little socially to chronicle in Brantford at present that it hardly seems worth writing about. However, there is serious talk of the gentlemen giving a ball, which is at least something to look forward to and keep our spirits up during this very unchristmaslike weather. All Christmas Day the rain drearily fell, and at the hour for church service it came down heavily, but despite the bad weather the attendance at the various churches was very good. The two Episcopal churches, Grace Church and St. Jude's, were beautifully and appropriately decorated. The singing of the surpliced choir of the former church was unusually good.

Miss Emily Curtis arrived home from Cobourg to spend the Christmas holidays at the parental home.

Mr. Herbert Morton spent Christmas day in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Wilkes and family are in Toronto spending the Christmas holidays with their friends there.

Mrs. John H. Stratford and Miss Harris went to Toronto on Monday and will remain there for New Year's day.

Mr. N. Grassett of the Commercial Bank has been moved to Ayr to the great regret of his many Brantford friends.

Mrs. Allan of Ann Arbor and Miss Marion and Mr. Frank Allan are here on a visit to Mr. E. L. and the Misses Goold.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson has been suffering with a severe attack of neuralgia, but is now recovering.

Mr. and Mrs. Agnew of Montreal are visiting Mrs. Agnew's mother, Mrs. C. H. Waterous.

Miss Waddell of Burlington is visiting Mrs. A. Lemmon.

Mr. Harry Yates is home from Montreal for a short visit.

BARRIE.

At the bachelors' ball next Wednesday evening, January 2, the elite of Barrie and of several other places will no doubt be tripping the light fantastic in the Town Hall. The cards of invitation have all been out a week, and the hon. secretary, Mr. F. H. Lauder, has informed me that the acceptances are many and the regrets are few. It is indeed pleasing to hear this. Barrie balls heretofore have always been a success, but from the elaborate arrangements already made this ball bids fair to eclipse all former attempts. The bachelors of Barrie are working hard, and the hall will no doubt look its prettiest after the decoration committee, guided by Messrs. F. S. Baker, E. A. Mitchell and W. D. B. Spry, have finished the decorations. Mr. Baker has several designs for the decorations which are said to be exquisite.

I hope to be able to make a full report on this pleasing affair, which will, no doubt, be the event of the season. Owing to the ball being on Wednesday my report cannot appear until the week following that of the ball. Corlett and Scott's orchestra has been secured, and the music no doubt will be good.

Mr. Daniel Spry has been rather seriously indisposed of late, being confined to his house for a couple of days, but is now going around almost recovered.

The following ladies and gentlemen spent Christmas in Toronto: Mr. and Mrs. Byron, Mr. R. Nicholson, Major and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. and Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Strathy, Mr. G. H. Esten, Mr. D. McGregor.

Mr. E. A. Mitchell spent Christmas in Hamilton.

Mr. J. F. Wray spent his Christmas holidays in town renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. Wray was the guest of Mrs. D. Spry while in town.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Barwick are visiting Mrs. J. R. Cotter at Rock Forest, having just returned from Montreal.

Mr. T. R. Ferguson spent his holidays out of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelles of Woodstock are visiting Mrs. E. P. Nelles.

The usual Christmas services were held in several churches of our town. Trinity Church looked very pretty under its evergreen and flowers.

I will endeavor to report on Mrs. Andros' party, which was held on Thursday evening, next week.

Mrs. Samuel Lount held a small At Home on Wednesday evening of last week. The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner.

VERITAS.

Afternoon Receptions.

The distinguished difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dress lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes that a man of taste donn in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago wrote that she found to her surprise that the most expensive clothes, the most absolute compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Toronto society. There must be added, style; and herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows merely the prevailing novelties. The man of taste will go home after bank hours, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to hat. He will put on this season's pantaloons not too dark in color. The coat must be of dark cloth, the plain, rough Saxony or Vienna cloth, or one of the new wide wale diagonals, a cutaway, with three or four buttons, cut rather low in the neck, with vest cut as low, allowing ample space for the knot of a four-in-hand scarf.

He may, if he prefers it, wear a double-breasted Prince Albert. It is proper enough, and for elderly gentlemen is quite the vogue. But the cutaway coat has, during the past two years, nearly driven out the Prince Albert for all occasions where it was formerly worn. Having had several inquiries in reference to what should be worn on these occasions I have much pleasure in presenting these few ideas to my patrons. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable West End tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

A Novelty for Young Ladies.

Production of the Arcadome, 71 and 73 King Street East. Designs, estimates and measurement guides sent everywhere on application.

Miss Alexander's Readings.

Miss Jessie Alexander, the well-known reader and elocutionist, announces an evening at Association Hall, on January 3, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. This will be Miss Alexander's first appearance in public for some time, and those who have heard her recently are unanimous in the opinion that she has improved marvelously since her many admirers last had an opportunity of seeing her upon the public platform. Miss Alexander is well known as a reader of more than ordinary attainments, and the performance is sure of attracting a very large audience.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

It Makes a Difference.

"My detective caught a woman stealing goods in the store this morning, Caplas," said Threads; "now what kind of a charge shall I make against her?"

"Well, that depends," returns the cautious lawyer; "how was she dressed?"

What Papa Overheard.

Evangeline (just after the Yes)—But you haven't told me a word about your profession, Hector.

Hector—I'm a Promoter, my dear, and you've just helped me organize the company. Your father shall be the president, and you the manager.

Evangeline—But where do you come in?

Hector—Oh, I'll be the receiver.

GRAND OPENING

OF THE

VICTORIA SKATING RINK

HURON STREET

Fancy Dress Skating Carnival

Under the immediate patronage of the

Governor-General and Lady Stanley

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 3, '89

Tickets can be obtained from the Committee—Messrs. Geo. Dunstan, R. H. Fox, H. E. Boulton, W. Crooks, A. J. Hollyer, R. R. Lockhart, E. C. Rutherford, C. E. Maddison, Julius Miles, L. L. McMurry, A. R. Capreol, G. M. White, W. D. Hart, or at the Rink.

General Admission - - 50c.
Skaters, Gentlemen - - 25c.
Skaters, Ladies - - - Free

Those intending to appear in Costume must send Name and Costume to G. Montagu-White, Hon. Secretary, at the Club.

Covered Rink only reserved for those in Costume. Season Tickets cancelled for the occasion.

Grand Opera House

NEW YEAR'S WEEK

Commencing Monday, Dec. 31

MATINEES

NEW YEAR'S DAY AND SATURDAY

THE TALENTED ACTOR

ROBERT MANTELL

Under the management of Augustus Pitou, in the pronounced success of the past season, D'Ennery's beautiful romantic drama

MONBARS

Adapted from the French by Louis Nathal. Presented with all the handsome Scenery, Costumes, Furniture and Draperies that characterized its late New York City production.

A GREAT CAST

The company supporting Mr. Mantell includes many artists of high reputation in the dramatic world, and a

PERFECT PERFORMANCE

Is assured of this interesting drama.

Seats are now selling for the entire week.

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, Dec. 31

Matinees Tuesday (New Year's), Wednesday and Saturday

Bartley Campbell's Grand Spectacular Melo-drama

THE WHITE SLAVE

A Marvelous Production, interpreted by a company of

DRAMATIC CELEBRITIES

A Carload of Magnificent and Costly Scenery, Mechanical Effects and Properties.

SEE THE

Great Rain Storm of Real Water

ELOCUTION

Miss Jessie Alexander, B. E.

Has much pleasure in announcing a

RECITAL

DRAMATIC AND HUMOROUS

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., in

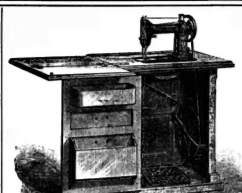
Association Hall, Thursday, Jan. 3

Tickets 25c. and 50c., reserved at Nordheimer's.

Having spent the last five months in New York reviewing the methods of some of the most successful teachers of elocution in America, Miss Alexander now resumes teaching at her residence, 60 BRUNSWICK AVE.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE

A beautiful little home on Grenville Street, ten rooms—Drawing-room, Dining-room, Smoking-room and Library, two Kitchens, four Bedrooms, elegant Bathroom; superior plumbing; drainage perfect; lot 45 feet frontage; situate 25 and 27 Grenville Street. Apply to S. DAVISON, 14 Colborne Street.



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None Genuine Without Name and Trade Mark

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SHAFTESBURY HALL

Grand New Year's Concert

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1

MISS EVA HANSON, Mezzo-Soprano
(Gold Medalist Royal Irish Academy)
MISS F. HANSON, Pianiste
Canada's Lady Whistler
MISS MAY MCCORMACK, Whitby
SIMS RICHARDS, Tenor, J. FAX
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ADMISSION 25 CENTS

Seats can be reserved at Claxton's Music Stores 107 Yonge street and 63 King street west without extra charge. Doors open at 7:30 p.m.; commence at 8 o'clock.

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One of the slightliest building lots in Toronto, situated on north side Gloucester street, just west of Church street, 60 ft. by 140 ft. to lane, covered with immense shade and fruit trees, exactly the place for a home. Will sell or exchange it for productive property. Those having an old-fashioned house and desiring to build will find this an excellent opportunity. Address EXCHANGE, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

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P. Jamieson, the Clothier, is the only merchant in Toronto making a specialty of Servants' Liveries. Our plates show nearly every style of Livery worn in Europe and America. The garments are made in the best styles of the best material and are guaranteed to fit.

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Election Takes Place Monday, Jan. 7

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